



SATURDAY NIGHT

Vol. 18 No. 23

(Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors.)
Office—38 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL 15, 1905

Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$5.00.

Whole No. 907

Things in General

THE selection of Mr. Frank Oliver to fill the Cabinet vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Sifton is a wise move on the part of the Government, and at the same time a frank confession of weakness. Mr. Oliver had no claim on the Government's favor; during the last few years he has been employed to its fullest extent in his remarkable vocabulary in denouncing the most prominent of the Government organs; he has openly boasted of his readiness to smash anything that met with his disapproval; he was one of the most vigorous opponents of the motion to eliminate from the coronation oath the parts objectionable and offensive to the Roman Catholic Church—but the Government had a lucrative and important position to offer, Mr. Oliver had a safe constituency to sell—so a bargain is struck and the goods are about to be delivered. The transaction has caused some surprise, but it shouldn't. It is quite in harmony with all the other details of the Autonomy legislation that has set the country on fire. The Government set the example of ignoring or laughing at its professions of the past—and dishonor has been made to appear honorable in the eyes of the rank and file by the example of the leaders. The selection of Oliver was a cold-blooded matter of business necessity. It was absolutely necessary that the position of Minister of the Interior be filled. It was also necessary that every precaution be taken to guard against the possibility of a newly-appointed Minister being defeated in his election. Oliver's constituency was about the only one in the West that—because of a variety of peculiar circumstances—could be considered safe. Naturally, then, Oliver got the job. The certainty of his election should be taken for granted. The population of his constituency is very largely made up of French, French half-breeds, Galicians and others not of the Anglo-Saxon race. The great majority, in fact, are those who would naturally favor Separate schools—the schools which, under the authority of the Autonomy Act they will have established and maintained at public expense forever. This condition is enough to make Mr. Oliver's election assured—but there are other reasons. Edmonton is in a very unenviable financial condition. The value of real estate is regrettably low. Business is slack. The business men of the town are anything but cheerful. They would endorse almost any scheme that would ultimately boom their town. Naturally the farmers of the surrounding districts desire to see Edmonton a great city. The surest way to make it a great city is to have it made the capital of the new Province of Alberta. The surest way to give it prestige and to increase its chances of becoming the permanent capital is to elect the new Minister of the Interior when he appeals to his constituents. Not only Frank Oliver, who is popular in his constituency, but anyone possessing an opportunity to give the town a lift, would not only be sure of election, but would find it impossible to meet defeat. Edmonton has also the distinction of being dominated by the largest French trading company in France, a company with several times the capital of the great Hudson's Bay Company. This company has boasted that it will spend a million, if necessary, to secure control of the trade of that section of the country. Doubtless a part of that million would be available, in case of need, to win the constituency for the Government—and to win Government favor for the company. Under such conditions it would be the height of folly for the Opposition to put a candidate in the field. He would have no possible show, and the result of the election would give no indication of the feeling of the North-West in regard to the Separate school clauses of the Autonomy Bill—but the friends of coercion would insist that it was an indication of Western approval of the offensive legislation. The Government is determined to carry its measure by brute force. There is little advantage to be gained by fighting it with weak and ineffective weapons. A good memory will be the surest guarantee that a suitable punishment will eventually be administered.

MR. SBARRETTI still seems to be carrying on business at the old stand. In the House of Commons both parties display a desire to refrain from discussing his interference with Canadian affairs of state. Of course one can scarcely expect the Government to denounce its friend, but the silence of the Opposition can be explained only by recognizing that the members of the Conservative Parliamentary party are afraid to incur the enmity of the political body of the Roman Catholic Church. Apparently nothing has been done to bring about Mr. Sbarretti's recall, and but little criticism of his inexcusable conduct can be found in *Hansard*. If the members of either party think that the people of Canada will be content to settle down and let the Sbarretti incident quietly blow over, they should pinch themselves and waken up before something hits them. The great majority of the people desire to learn, as soon as possible, that Mr. Sbarretti is back among the beasts at Ephesus or scorching along the Appian Way. We are all expecting to hear that his health is not all that could be desired, and that a trip to the sunny South is necessary. This damp April weather is a dangerous thing for Mr. Sbarretti, and the conduct of the Canadian populace is far from soothing to the nerves. The transportation problem can readily be solved. I don't believe there is a paper in Ontario—with the exception of the *Catholic Register* and the *Toronto Star*—that wouldn't willingly arrange matters with the railway and steamship companies to ensure the Papal Delegate's safe and comfortable conduct to the city of Alexander VI. and of other gentlemen who caused disturbances by gently toying with affairs of state. The sooner the Papal Delegate is seized with a desire to return home the better it will be for himself and for all the other parties concerned—and the sooner the Dominion Government undertakes to stimulate that desire the more tolerable the atmosphere of Ottawa will become for that Government.

THE election of a Conservative in Center Toronto by acclamation is not a cause of any surprise. It was not expected that the Government would be able to find a follower with a strong enough desire for martyrdom to face the people of this city on the Separate school clauses of the Autonomy Bill. It was a source of surprise, however—and of disappointment, too—that this successful Conservative candidate should have been Mr. Edmund Bristol, nominated by Dr. Beattie Nesbitt—Mr. Bristol, the gentleman who occupied a seat on the platform when Mr. John Redmond, leader of the Irish Parliamentary party, addressed some citizens of Toronto—Mr. Bristol, who contributed to the funds of the Irish Parliamentary party, the party that boasts of its determination to defeat any legislation favorable to the colonies which may be introduced in the British House. Of course at the time when Mr. Bristol fell into the arms of John Redmond—the man who boldly affirmed in the House of Commons on Wednesday last that he would start a rebellion in Ireland to-morrow if he thought it would have any chance of succeeding—Mr. Bristol had no idea that the troublesome Separate school question was likely to crop up and solidify the voters of both parties against clerical aggression. Mr. Bristol thought he could contribute a small sum to Mr. Redmond's rebellion fund, occupy a seat on Mr. Redmond's platform, and secure a nice little bunch of Irish votes without offending even the ultra Protestants of his own party. But the Separate school question bobbed up, and a Conservative candidate was needed to fight the Government on its policy of unfair discrimination. Mr. Bristol at once deserted his Irish-Catholic followers and climbed on to the platform leaning on the arm of a prominent Orangeman. But Mr. Bristol has just as much use for the Orangemen as he has for the Roman Catholics. If it were politically profitable for him to join the Jesuits to-morrow, the Orangemen would very likely

find that they were leaning on something considerably worse than a broken reed. That a man can contribute to a rebellion fund to-day and bob up as an enthusiastic patriot to-morrow, is as sound evidence of versatility as it is clear proof of his defective sense of propriety. His nomination and support by Dr. Beattie Nesbitt merely furnish one more example of the mistake the Orange body persistently makes in tying itself up to one political party. In acquiring a reputation as a Tory machine it very largely destroys its usefulness. Orangemen have come to regard it as their duty to vote for almost any candidate the Conservative party puts up—and the result is that they send a supporter of John Redmond's to Ottawa to represent Center Toronto. I should like to hear the remarks passed at a meeting of a North-of-Ireland Orange lodge when Mr. Bristol's history and the story of his election by acclamation are made known.

A GOOD deal is being said by the friends of coercion of the North-West in regard to the harmless form of Separate schools the new provinces will have in comparison with the Separate schools of Ontario. The *Toronto Star* dubs everyone "incendiary" who criticizes the Government policy—yet it has not been for these "incendiaries" the clauses as originally drawn, clauses that provided for a form of Separate schools more objectionable than those we have in Ontario, would have been forced through the Dominion House. It is the papers and persons of all classes that have fought the Government to a finish on its coercion policy that must be given credit for bringing about the modification of the clauses which is now so highly praised by the organs of coercion. If all the papers of Canada had been of the *Star* brand, no modification would have been made at all. Perhaps the coercion organs do not see that their praise of the variety of Separate schools which flourishes in the North-West Territories is a back-handed slap at our Ontario school system. If the Separate schools of the Territories are so much superior to those we have in this province, why should we tolerate the more objectionable form? Now that the question of Separate

from the village, for which they made the Public school pay \$450. At the same time they sold to the Separate school the brick school-house for \$500. That is to say, they traded a brick building for a log one and gave the owners of the brick building \$50 "to boot." Then, their purpose being accomplished, they deserted the Public school, had themselves once more assessed as Separate school supporters, and left the Public school to its fate—and the log shack two miles away. Not being a lawyer, I am not qualified to say how the law regards such conduct as that of which these fake Public school trustees were guilty, but if there ever has been a clear case of deliberate fraud of a most inexcusable nature, it is revealed in the plot planned and carried out by these men. Judge Teetzel seems to have taken a very lenient view of the case. He brought about a compromise by which the Separate school supporters are to pay the Public school supporters \$350—the costs of the trial to be shared by both parties, the Separate school people to pay \$175 and the Public school supporters \$175. Why the Public school supporters should be called upon to pay part of the costs of a trial brought with the object of regaining possession of stolen property, is not very clear. However, as the settlement was a compromise brought about by the judge, and agreed to by the contending parties, and not a judicial decision, the bench can not be held responsible for something that looks like a gross miscarriage of justice.

A CORRESPONDENT asks if I did not make a mistake in leaving it to be inferred, from an article on this page last week, that Manitoba still has Separate schools. There was no mistake. Though Manitoba has nominally no Separate schools, in reality such institutions flourish in the Western province in a form almost as objectionable as those we have in Ontario. Religion may be taught in the schools after a certain hour and for a certain length of time—"unless a majority of the trustees of any school decide that it is desirable that this time should be extended." In districts peopled by Roman Catholics, where the trustees are



THE ALARM.
Manitoba—Well, if that doesn't wake up the rest of Canada, nothing will.

schools is occupying the attention of the public, a movement should be started with a view to bringing about reforms in our Separate schools that will render them as unobjectionable as those which the coercion organs profess to admire. Not much can be expected of Premier Whitney, after his contemptible conduct in regard to the Sturgeon Falls Separate school deal—but with the people of Ontario thoroughly aroused to indignation, the hand of the Government could be forced, that victory for Ontario liberalism may be snatched from the defeat of freedom in the new provinces. Quebec has repeatedly told Ontario that the question of Separate schools in the North-West is none of Ontario's business. Well, it can scarcely be said that the question of Separate schools in Ontario is none of Ontario's business. The Separate schools of this province are supposed to be under Government control. It is time they were really controlled by the Government, which at present they are not. They are run by the Church in pretty nearly any way the priests like. Dr. Beattie Nesbitt is to make a motion in the Legislature in regard to Separate schools in the North-West. This will make an opening for the introduction of a discussion of Separate schools in Ontario, which should not fail to lead to some radical reform. If the voice of Ontario is to be disregarded at Ottawa, because the Papal Delegate refuses to permit the Government to listen to it, the voice of Ontario can at least make itself heard in Queen's Park—and I can readily believe that the echo will carry as far as the palace of the Papal Delegate at the Dominion capital.

THE Curran school case, which was adjusted by Justice Teetzel last week, furnishes an interesting example of the methods employed by the enemies of the Public school to bring about its overthrow. The Public school supporters of Curran village erected a brick school-house at a cost of something more than \$2,000. The Separate school-house in the same place was a log building possessing one room. For years the Separate school supporters cast long eyes on the brick building, and an agitation was started to have it turned into a Separate school. The scheme, however, was blocked by the Ontario Government—so another plan to accomplish the same purpose had to be invented. A number of Separate school supporters became for the time Public school supporters—which gave them the right to vote for the election of Public school trustees. What was to have been expected followed. They elected a majority of the Public School Board, who were really Separate school trustees in disguise. These Jesuits then proceeded to buy for the Public school the little log school-house, situated about two miles

Roman Catholics, and where the priests have control, "a majority of the trustees" invariably decides that it is desirable to extend the time devoted to religious instruction. In this way Roman Catholic religious schools flourish under the name of Public schools—and public funds go to the propagation of the one form of religion favored by Canadian Governments. The present Manitoba Government has also granted the Roman Catholic Church its own Normal school, where Roman Catholic teachers are granted their own special certificates. And yet the Papal Delegate—the new "Master of the Administration"—is not satisfied.

THE *World* publishes a despatch from Winnipeg which claims that the Archbishop of St. Boniface hints that when King Edward visited the Pope the question of Separate schools was discussed and that the action of the Dominion Government may be the result of an understanding to which King Edward was a party. The story is surely too absurd to be taken seriously. The King has earned too great a reputation as a diplomatist to permit himself to be led into an error of this kind. Such interference on the part of the King would be absolutely unwarranted and almost impossible. It is very likely that the Archbishop was merely trying to make himself appear to be the possessor of an important State secret, and was indulging in a few remarks such as *Hamlet* requested his friends to avoid uttering: "Well, well, we know, or we could and if we would, or there be and if they might, or such ambiguous givings out."

CYCLISTS and motor-cars are to be prohibited from running on the proposed speedway by by-law, according to the report of a meeting of the City Council. The speedway is a concession to the horse, and the horse-lover who enjoys the occasional spurt of the fast-going trotter, and it is well, probably, that the encouragement of the fast-going driving horse and the taste of his breeder and owner should be fostered and concessions made accordingly. The bicycle, the motor-car and the high-strung trotter do not mix well on the same track, as a rule—so the motor-cars and the cyclists will have to mix up with the pedestrian as of yore. The pedestrian, it is said, is taking just about as many chances as he is capable of and living in the face of fast-moving trolley cars, railway lorries and delivery wagons, and there are so many of him without the great common uniting principle of direct selfish interest that he is heard from only occasionally by a growling letter in the daily press or in an action-at-law for damages for a broken neck or a dislocated arm. The horse-owners, who will utilize the speedway with pleas-

ure and profit to themselves and to many others, have a direct common interest and are seeing to it by united action that their own homes and those of their valuable animals shall be protected from the intrusion of the dangers of the automobile and the bicycle. When the City Council is in this limiting mood it might be as well for that august body to cast its eyes beyond the limited circle of trotters and consider the great walking public, its comfort and dangers. The bicycle nuisance in Toronto has to a considerable extent abated in the downtown districts through the extension of asphalt pavements and through the less overwhelming popularity of the wheel. But from the pedestrian's point of view it is yet a pronounced nuisance. The motor-car has come in to replace the immunity from danger that the passing of the popularity of the bicycle was bringing about. The trolley car we have always with us. These things in the life of a large, progressive and energetic modern city have to be, but they can be regulated and are regulated. If a regulation can be made for the protection of the horse on a pleasure-ground, surely it is not beyond the ability or powers of the City Council to protect certain pedestrian-crowded districts or streets which, in the necessary business life of a city, must be so crowded, from the intrusion of the unnecessary, no matter how useful or pleasurable, motor-car and bicycle. Toronto is widespread topographically, and there are no physical necessities that would prevent any of its streets being used by bicycle or motor-car. On the great majority of these streets bicycles and motor-cars can move at moderate speed with a minimum of risk and with no disquietude to the street-crossing pedestrian. There are certain streets in the more congested business centers where the people do congregate that motor-cars and bicycles should be prohibited from intruding upon, for it is an intrusion for a quick-moving solitary bicyclist to disorganize for it may be only half a minute, the great current of pedestrian travel at such centers as the corners of King and Yonge streets and Yonge and Queen streets. The objections to the motor-car in such a district as lower Yonge street are evident. The street cars are bewildering enough, but they are for the use of the many, and municipal government is for the advantage of the many without intruding on the prescribed rights of the few. And there is no limited class that has any prescribed right to add to the many dangers and discomforts that quick-moving civilization is crowding on the people of a large city in this electric age. If the City Council is overwhelmingly concerned about the nerves of the trotting ponies and the welfare of their owners, it might extend a little legislative concern to the ordinary downtown pedestrian.

THE jury in the action brought against members of a certain trade union by the Gurney Company for "boycotting" the latter's goods, awarded the company \$1,500 damages. The legal points, the questions of legal responsibility or liability, were reserved by the presiding judge before whom the case was tried this week in St. Catharines. According to the report of an evening newspaper, Mr. Frank Moses, business secretary of the Sheet Metal Workers' Union, is not alarmed at the decision. "There are more ways than one in putting a boycott on goods made by unfair firms," Mr. Moses is reported to have said, "and unions will learn more as they are subjected to court proceedings. The most effective boycotts are not carried on with the blare of trumpets, but in a quieter way." If Mr. Moses' alleged statement is not a defiance of the law of the land, it reads mightily like it. He does not apparently contend that the verdict is contrary to law or the evidence of the boycotting, but that the unions will now be more careful and will secretly carry on the methods which, if exposed, would result in damages. Surely with the comparative immunity with which the bulk of unionism escapes from the payment of damages for illegal or unwarrantable acts, through non-incorporation, it was to be supposed that assurance had gone far enough. But apparently not, for now an seemingly responsible officer of an influential union actively associated with a difference between employer and employed, in which a jury finds some members of a union guilty of illegal boycotting, aggressively suggests a secret evasion of the law in unlawful practices. It is the assertion of such principles, an unblinking defiance of the law, that causes unionism the loss of many friends. Small wonder that many confuse the cause of organized labor and the hopes of socialism with anarchy and lawlessness. Mr. Moses' statement suggests practical anarchy as far as the law affecting boycotting is concerned. It is not a long step from the law regarding boycotting to any other enactment that Mr. Moses might feel disposed to object to or evade, not "with the blare of trumpets, but in a quieter way."

MR. PRINGLE, Conservative member for Cornwall in the Dominion House, has signified his intention to vote for the Autonomy Bill. Although he professes to be a Protestant, he follows the lead of Mr. Monk and deserts his party and deliberately mistakes the position of the people of Ontario, which he must well know. Mr. Pringle, it is claimed, promised his mother that he would support the Bill—and that promise must be kept. Such obedience to parental command is very touching—but it should also be remembered that in Mr. Pringle's constituency there are many Roman Catholic voters to be cast either for or against Mr. Pringle in the next election. Perhaps if Mr. Pringle were to return home and send some lady of his family to hold down his seat in the House, the present member would be able to find employment more suited to his talents than that which now occupies his time and reveals his duplicity to the public mind.

A NUMBER of correspondents have written to me in regard to a paragraph, which appeared on this page two weeks ago, criticizing Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick's opposition to public ownership. The Minister of Justice, in the speech referred to, claimed that public ownership of the telephone in Port Arthur had failed because the people of Port Arthur had been unable to have their service connected with the C.P.R. station in that town. Some of my correspondents gather from my remarks that I also believe "it must be taken to have failed." This is quite erroneous. I merely put Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick's arguments into concise form, and—far from agreeing with them—censured the Minister for the part the Government had played in assisting the C.P.R. and the Bell Telephone Company in carrying out their unjust arrangement to the injury of Port Arthur's interests. That the scheme of public ownership of the telephone service is very far from being a failure, in spite of the C.P.R. and Bell companies, backed by the Dominion Government, will readily be seen by reading a letter on the subject which appears on another page of this issue. Port Arthur has reason for congratulating herself on the substantial success she has made of her undertaking.

THE Government immigration agent at Winnipeg says that Manitoba will require the help of ninety thousand newcomers in seeding, haying and harvesting this year. It is not unreasonable to suppose that another ten thousand will be needed for the Territories. This is double the number that were required last year. It is an indication of the progress of the Canadian West. A great proportion of the outside help obtained by the West during the rush seasons comes from Eastern Canada, and fully one-half of that help become either immediate or ultimate settlers in the West. So be it. Complaints are sometimes heard that Ontario is being drained of many of its most desirable farming class by the attractions of the wheat-growing plains of the West. It may be so to some limited extent, but a question of that kind will regulate itself. On the prairie lands of this continent there never have sprung up great manufacturing industries. As yet the American West obtains its wealth principally from agricultural or pastoral pursuits, and there is little disposition on the part of

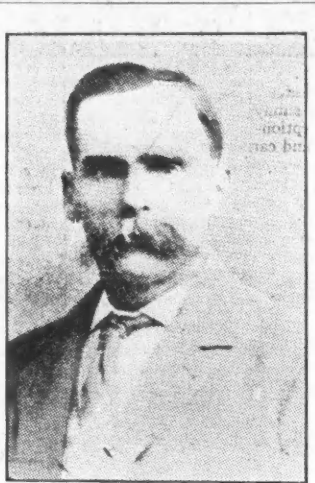
that part of it in Canada to compete in manufacture with the East. Despite the great development of the Canadian West as a grain producer, the Ontario farmer has never been more prosperous or his calling more lucrative than during the last few years. The Eastern farmer may no longer rely on his wheat crop as he did, but he has found other means of turning to a good bank account the fertility of his farm. In the development of a new country the old rules sometimes get disorganized and there are rushes, booms and collapses, a surplus of labor at one point and a deficiency in another, but these things become quickly regulated. The idea that Ontario will suffer any more than spasmodic inconvenience by the great outflow of settlers from her farms to Manitoba or the Territories is not to be entertained for a moment. A goodly number of the farm laborers to the West return with money which is spent on Ontario farms. The far-seeing immigrant from Europe, with little money, will learn that a sojourn on an Ontario farm teaches him much of our ways and our language, and brings him money for independent operations in the future, and Ontario will adapt itself to the situation. The fact that hundreds of men from Ontario go out West for the farming season does not necessarily mean that the farming population of Ontario is becoming decimated. The outgoers either return, are replaced, or the farms are being devoted to purposes such as dairying, stock-growing, fruit-farming or beet-culture, which the owners, under different circumstances might never have discovered as being the most profitable, if their sons had not wished to take up land in the West or farm-hands been not difficult to find for the old-style farming that had almost worn out the productibility of the farm. The fact that wheat can be grown thirty bushels to the acre, at ninety cents a bushel, in the Canadian West is not ruining the Ontario farmer. This is a great, big, hungry world, and its tastes are many, and the Ontario farmer will find help, and knows that man does not live by bread alone.

A DESPATCH from Chicago states that one of the most diabolical plans for assisting strikers in their efforts to paralyze business has just been discovered. Strike sympathizers blow eggs from their shells and re-fill the shells with carbolic acid. These infernal missiles are then thrown from housetops and windows at any strike-breaker who attempts to pass. A number of these acid-loaded eggs have already been thrown in Chicago and several persons injured by them. Scarcely any punishment is too severe for the fiend who resorts to this means of obtaining his desires. Rifles and pistols are almost harmless in comparison with these acid grenades. Strikers everywhere are gradually losing the sympathy of the public, and it is largely because they adopt some brutal or unreasonable method of exacting their demands.

THE assertion of Lord Kelvin, the great British engineering authority, after inspecting the first great Niagara power-plant, that he looked forward to the day when Niagara Falls should run dry, its waters being entirely diverted to industrial uses, is now being looked upon as something more than a figure of speech of an enthusiastic engineer. Another engineer, if not of equal repute, yet one who has had opportunities of examining the present-day conditions in the development of electrical power at Niagara Falls, Anton D. Adams, asserts that "children already born may yet walk dry-shod from the mainland to Goat Island over the present river-bed." He says: "Popular ideas as to a practically unlimited supply of water at Niagara Falls, based on the area of the Great Lakes and the width of the upper river, are incorrect. Great as is the area of the lakes, it is only their discharge of water that maintains the falls and is available for the development of power."

Mr. Adams goes on to say: "It appears that the total diversion of water from the Great Lakes above Niagara Falls, for navigation, drainage, and power purposes, will reach as much as 67,400 cubic feet per second when all of the works now operating, or under construction, are carried out to their full authorized capacity. Even this volume of water, which is 41 per cent. of the minimum discharge rate of Niagara River, does not include the water taken by the Welland Canal for purposes of navigation and for the development of power by local manufacturing plants along its banks. The diversion of this great volume of water, even at the expense of some of the scenic attractions of the falls, is no doubt warranted by the great economic and industrial advantages that result from cheap power. It does not necessarily follow, however, that this process of water diversion should be extended until the values of existing power-plants are depreciated by lack of water, the American Fall is dried up, and the Horseshoe Falls

are robbed of most of their grandeur. Yet this is the tendency of the industrial and political forces now at work. Private enterprise can not be expected to stay its progress so long as there is a profit to be made by the diversion of Niagara water, and legislatures continue to give away franchises or peddle them out for trifling considerations. . . . Further complication arises from the fact that the American States have no power, under the constitution, to enter individually into any treaty for the preservation of Niagara Falls, or for the regulation of the diversion of water from the upper river or the Great Lakes, because the treaty-making power is vested entirely in the Federal Government. . . . From a consideration of the foregoing facts, it seems evident that the diversion of water from the upper lakes and Niagara River will be continued until the destruction of the American Fall, and possibly that of the Canadian Fall, results. Apparently the only hope lies in the intervention of the sovereign powers concerned."



HON. FRANK OLIVER.
Minister of the Interior.

University Education.

To the Editor of SATURDAY NIGHT:

Sir,—As might have been expected, "Junius Jr." is coming in for a lot of unkindly censure for his straightforward and fearless criticism of what he believed to be defective in the administrative policy of the University of Toronto. To certain well-meaning, interested, and exclusive persons, who, no doubt, consider themselves patriotic Canadians and friends of the University and higher education, the censure of Mr. Jamieson for the awful misdeed they term "impertinence" may afford much satisfaction, but the effects of the investigation brought about by the letters of "Junius Jr." will be beneficial to the University.

No doubt Mr. Jamieson has been very impertinent; for, according to the writings of Adam Smith, someone considered "it is always a piece of impertinence if a man of less than two thousand a year has any opinion at all on important subjects." Mr. Jamieson had some very decided opinions, some of which were decidedly wrong, but, on the whole, he has started some lively thinking concerning the attitude of the University towards the community at large.

The extreme youth of this young man has been taken into unkindly consideration. But it is not the first time that staid, learned and elderly gentlemen have had their dignity ruffled, their tranquility and serenity disturbed, and their set ideas upset by the untimely noise of some impertinent infant. Who knows but some sage may discover that the newspaper men made their usual mistake and that what Dr. Osler really meant was not that old men should be chloroformed, but that the chloroforming age for precocious youngsters likely to become troublesome to their superiors, is between six and seven years. So, one of these days, some great professor may give to the world a wonderfully profound and abstruse book of indisputable evidence and opinions upon the subject. But the world is doomed to be always troubled with impertinent people who forget the reverence they should have for the sacredness of public servants, who should be allowed to pursue the even tenor of their ways, undisturbed and free from annoying criticism.

There is something in the writings of Addison to the effect that "nothing is more easy than to represent as impertinences any parts of learning that have no immediate relation to the happiness or convenience of mankind." The meaning of this quotation might be profitably pondered over by the men who so strenuously censure the impertinent youngster.

One of the greatest mistakes made by the controlling bodies of the higher educational institutions of Canada is the tendency to make their colleges closed institutions for the propagation of esoteric knowledge, to be given only to intellectual giants who have demonstrated their ability to absorb a lot of useless information and perform mental gymnastic feats required as tests of eligibility to their halls of learning.

A youth in Ontario, to receive the necessary training to entitle him to be authorized to pull teeth, sell drugs and tooth-brushes, make pills and set bones, settle line-fence disputes or plead a case in court, must learn a lot of "impertinences" about as productive of mental strength or as useful in this busy age as a knowledge of the relationship that the king with the biggest head in the fourteenth century bore to the queen with the smallest feet in the sixteenth; the correct pronunciation of "boo" in Sanskrit, or the names and recorded achievements of a lot of half-savages who lived before the Dark Ages.

A young man with good horse-sense, a thorough knowledge of the three R's, a little Latin and a good general English education, is about all the material required by some of the best American universities and professional schools to be hammered into worthy exponents of the professions to which they devote their lives. The writer has seen dozens of Canadian young men in American cities pursuing courses of study that they were unable to receive special training in at home on account of the absurd matriculation requirements and preponderance of useless subjects to be "memorized" in connection with the Canadian college course. Most of the young men who come here to the United States to take special courses remain here, where youth, intelligence and integrity are treated with consideration and respect by the older and more influential citizens. While Canada loses thousands of bright young men as citizens, she pays out vast sums annually in trying to "hew-nicely assimilate" Chinamen and anything Europe has to get rid of in the way of immigrants.

The suggestion contained in SATURDAY NIGHT some time ago—that many appreciative citizens would be found ready to attend interesting public lectures if given by the University—is a good one, and in line with the work carried on by many American universities. Interesting and attractive "University Extension" lectures are given in literature, science and art, and are usually well attended, as are also the summer courses and night courses leading up to various degrees. Furthermore, in some cities the High schools have evening courses for earnest, ambitious young men and women desirous of improving themselves after working all day. These night classes are, as a rule, crowded.

The adoption of such a broad administrative policy as higher education for the masses might lower the traditional standard of the University in the estimation of some narrow-minded but influential people who have little practical experience, but a great reverence for mere college degrees and certificated wisdom. That the influence of such people is decreasing rapidly in this practical world, is well illustrated by the remark of an eminent newspaper man, that "a fool trailing an alphabet of degrees after his name is still a fool." And there are many such, looking wise and strutting majestically about the streets of my native city of Toronto. But the time is rapidly approaching when broad-minded, whole-souled Canadian men and scholars of sterling worth will predominate and shape the policy of our higher educational institutions in harmony with the requirements and spirit of the times.

JAMES M. GRIFFIN.

Philadelphia, Pa., April 7, 1905.

Port Arthur and Public Ownership.

To the Editor of SATURDAY NIGHT:

Dear Sir,—From your editorial comments on the argument of the Minister of Justice against public ownership, you also seem to take it for granted that the municipal telephone system in the town of Port Arthur "must be taken to have failed."

I am a regular reader of SATURDAY NIGHT and a resident of Port Arthur, and therefore beg to enclose a statement of the condition of our franchises that will prove to SATURDAY NIGHT or any other unprejudiced inquirer that there is no reason whatever why it "must be taken to have failed." The municipal 'phone is not in the C.P.R. station and the Bell 'phone is, but the municipal 'phone is in every other place in town and the Bell 'phone is not. The fact that our 'phone is not in the station would be considered here a very trivial reason for the sweeping assertion that the system "must be taken to have failed."

In the town of Port Arthur a business 'phone costs \$2.00 per month and a domestic 'phone \$1.00. These rates are reasonable and the system would be a success from a municipal standpoint if it only made the income meet every liability, but you will see by the enclosed statement that there was a gain of about \$1,600 in 1904, which we were able to apply to reduction of the general taxation. I should be very sorry for a single friend of municipal ownership to infer from your editorial that the municipal ownership of the telephone had proved a failure here, and I believe that any candid inquirer can be convinced by the logic of fact that it is a decided success.

As a resident who is proud of our franchises, I am jealous of them and anxious to see even an inference that they are not successful set right in the minds of the public.

Yours truly, C. E. KING.

Port Arthur, Ont., April 4, 1905.

"A Blot on the Scutcheon" Revived.

(From Our New York Correspondent.)

THE delight of the week, from a literary and dramatic viewpoint, has been Mrs. Le Moyne's production of *A Blot on the Scutcheon* before a select matinee audience.

It is more than twenty years since Lawrence Barrett produced the piece here, and since his time no one has undertaken the task. The play was written originally for Macready, but a misunderstanding afterward arose between Browning and the famous actor, which finally led to a breach between the two friends. This was in 1843, and though the play was favorably received it was soon taken off the boards. Helen Faucit, afterward Lady Martin, played the part of *Mildred* in that production.

In Barrett's presentation, a number of radical changes in the arrangement were thought necessary by the actor, and to these the author is said to have consented. For instance, the first scene was omitted entirely, and the last act so arranged that *Mertoun's* death was realized by *Mildred*, on the discovery of the discarded cloak where her lover had left it, previous to the sword encounter with *Tresham*. The omissions can easily be justified from the standpoint of acting, and this need not surprise us when we remember that Browning, unlike Ibsen, say, approached the stage through literature, rather than the reverse. But, in retaining Browning's intention of having *Mildred* discover her lover's death at sight of her brother's empty scabbard, Mrs. Le Moyne proves conclusively the poet's profound and instinctive dramatic sense. That discovery, made with telling effect, was a piece of real moving drama.

A Blot on the Scutcheon is not essentially dramatic, though there are vivid moments, such as the one just referred to, when the poet's thought bristles with action and the lines speak with unmistakable tragic directness. But so often action is delayed for poetic discourse or half-forgotten under the luxuriant verbal foliage, with which the text is enriched.

Mrs. Le Moyne retained every line of the piece with the exception of the sweet lyric, "There's a woman like a dew-drop," intended to be sung at the open window. And it speaks for her ability to read, as well as act, Browning, that the literary interest sustained the dramatic throughout. Of her *Gwendolen*, one can only speak with enthusiasm, and feel that she realized the demands of her part fully. It was an inspiring performance all through, that for impressiveness and real poetic fervor must take its place among the noblest achievements of the year.

J. E. W.

The Judge and the Jack Tar.

It's like this here, Your Honor, see?
As near as I can tell,
A gentleman hired my boat, and he
Was quite a proper swell.
He brought a lady down with him
To make a longish trip
And so we scrubbed her thoroughly—

Judge—The lady?

Tar—No! The ship.

Well—cutting off my story short
To come to what befell
We started, but put back to port,
Which much annoyed the swell.
She fell between two waterways
And got a nasty nip,
So we rigged her out with brand-new stays—

Judge—The lady?

Tar—No-o! The ship.

At last we put to sea again,
And started for the west,
All spick and span, without a stain,
When all at once, I'm blest,
Her blooming timbers got misplaced,
Which quite upset the trip,
The water washed around her waist—

Judge—The lady?

Tar (nodding)—And the ship's.

That's all, I think, Your Honor, now,
I'll state to you my claim.
Five hundred dollars, you'll allow,
Won't build her up the same.
Her rudder's gone, her nose is broke,
Her flag I've had to dip.
She's lying now upon the mud—

Judge—The lady?

Tar—No-o-o-o! The ship.

HENRY H. CORNISH.

"We want a man for our information bureau," said the manager; "but he must be one who can answer all sorts of questions and not lose his head." "That's me," replied the applicant. "I'm the father of eight children."

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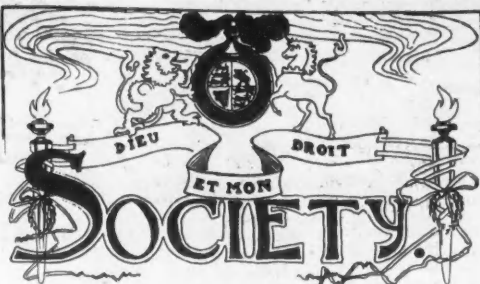
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THE engagement is announced of Miss Margaret Sloane,
elder daughter of Mrs. William Sloane of Rusholme
road, to Dr. D. W. McPherson, elder son of Mr. and
Mrs. James McPherson of Bathurst street.

Miss Dallas, Principal of Westbourne School, will spend
the Easter holidays in New York and other American cities.

Mr. W. Sloane and Mr. Sam Sloane will spend the Easter
holidays with Mrs. and the Misses Sloane in Rusholme road.

The new military appointments in the permanent force in
Canada will make many changes here and elsewhere. We
shall lose Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Victor Williams, who
are going to Kingston, Colonel and Mrs. Buchanan leaving
Kingston for Montreal. Colonel Otter is to be gazetted Brig-
adier-General, and Lieutenant-Colonel Septimus Denison is to
take a post on promotion which will necessitate his residence
in town. The quarters now occupied at Stanley Barracks by
Colonel and Mrs. Denison have to be vacated by May 1, when
the new officer in command, I understand, Colonel Hemming,
will arrive to take up residence at the Barracks. Another
move which will interest Torontonians is Colonel Drury's,
from Kingston to Halifax, and Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Mac-
Dougall's from Quebec to London. Colonel and Mrs. Young
are to go to Kingston from London, and—more anon.

On Friday evening Mr. D. R. Wilkie gave a very charm-
ing little dinner of twelve covers for General Benson, C.B.,
and Mrs. Benson, his guests of last week. The other guests
were His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer
Clark, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Cockburn, Dr. and Mrs.
Sprague, Colonel Grasset, Mrs. O'Reilly, and Miss Benson.

On April 8 Rev. Alexander McGillivray united in marriage
Mr. G. A. Harper, A.S.C.R. of the Independent Order of For-
esters, and Miss Florence M. Rouson, eldest daughter of Mr.
Harrie Rouson of Tilbury, Ont., and granddaughter of Mr.
George Dunham Sherwood of Brockville. Mrs. W. S. Don-
aldson, aunt of the bride, was present at the ceremony. Mr.
and Mrs. W. S. Donaldson, who have spent the winter with
their nephew, Dr. Boyd Miller of the American militia sta-
tioned at Fort Screven, near Savannah, Georgia, left after the
ceremony for their home in Brockville.

Miss Sheila Macdougall, formerly of Carlton Lodge, and
a girl much beloved and admired in Toronto, has the follow-
ing poetic lines in *Harper's Monthly*. Her graceful literary
style is not new to her friends, and many pleasant things are
being said of her success in New York. Each week some
clever Toronto girl or man is chronicled as "successful" over
there. Miss Macdougall's brother, Mr. Douglas Macdougall,
and his family are householders in Forest road, and her mot-
her and youngest sister are *en pension* in Grosvenor street.

"There is a garden in my soul,
A garden where I may not go,
Where all the day the sun shines fair
And only softest zephyrs blow.

The winding pathways cross the turf
Thro' sunshine to the restful shade,
Under the low-arched chestnut trees
And elms that throng the quiet glade.

Sometimes the gayest song-birds sing,
And roses scent the balmy air,
And I would give my hope of Heaven
To enter and to linger there.

Out in the noisy street I fare,
With all its dust and hideous cries,
Lonely, and slaving at my task
As long as daylight fills the skies.

But sometimes for an hour I steal
And by the gate, beneath the stars,
I lean and long and look within
And cool my forehead on the bars."

The marriage of Miss Alice Jones and Mr. Clarence Bell
of Montreal will take place quietly in St. Mary Magdalene's
Church on April 25.

Mrs. James T. Cooper, 657 Euclid avenue, will receive on
the second Friday in May and not again this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Hellmuth have sent out invitations to the
marriage of their daughter, Miss Miriam Isidore Hellmuth,
and Mr. John Redmond Meredith, which will take place on
Wednesday, May 3, at half-past two o'clock in St. James'
Cathedral. The ceremony will be followed by a reception at
Closeburn, which residence Mr. and Mrs. Hellmuth have oc-
cupied during the winter.

Mrs. Melville Bertram will receive on the fourth Friday of
April and not again this season.

The marriage of Miss Hattie Junkin and Mr. Jack Croft,
both of Rosedale, will take place early in May.

Mrs. Harcourt Vernon is back from Bermuda, where she
has been for several weeks. General and Mrs. Benson left for
Ottawa early in the week. Mrs. Douglas, Miss Amy Douglas
and Miss Coady have returned from the South. Mrs. Ham-
mond has returned from Atlantic City. Mr. and Mrs. Haydn
Horsey are in New York. Dr. Andrew Smith and his daugh-
ters, Mrs. Burritt and Miss Smith, are in Atlantic City. Mr.
and Mrs. W. B. McMurrich are on a trip through the Eastern
States. Mrs. Osborne Speers is visiting her mother, Mrs.
Lockhart, in Spadina avenue. Mrs. Bain, the Misses Bain,
and Mrs. Allen B. Aylesworth have gone to Atlantic City. Mrs.
R. Lizars Smith has gone to the Minnewaska, Muskoka, for
a short visit. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Penruddock Band of
Sydney, Cape Breton, have settled in Toronto—their residence
is at Harbord street. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. O'Hara have re-
turned from New York and Boston.

Last week news was received in Toronto of the death of
Mr. Jack Ross, son of the late Hon. John Ross, the untimely
event occurring shortly after the decease of his mother, which
I noted two or three weeks ago. Mr. Ross was twice married;
his first wife was Miss McLeod, a granddaughter of the late
Bishop Fuller; his widow is a daughter of the late Colonel
Strange of Kingston.

On Thursday of Easter week the marriage of Rev. Francis
Grant Kirkpatrick of Smith's Falls, formerly of Kingston, a
nephew of the late Sir George Airey Kirkpatrick of Closeburn,
and Miss Frances Elizabeth Colley Foster of Toronto, will
be celebrated in St. Luke's Church at half-past two. A re-
ception will follow the ceremony at 33 Grosvenor street.

Next Wednesday is the date of the marriage of Dr. J. H.
McConnell and Miss Frances Lister, and next Saturday that
of the marriage of Mr. George Chillas and Miss Elsie Helli-
well. Both couples will make their homes in Toronto.

Mrs. and Miss St. John received in the Speaker's Chambers
on Wednesday afternoon, and a very large number of ladies,
with a sprinkling of men, called. The day was gloriously
bright, with a cold tang in the air, but many adventurous
women came out "in their figures," *c'est à dire*, without the
wraps other more sensitive creatures found more suitable to
the early spring. The Speaker was at the reception, and after
a brief absence in the Legislative Chamber returned to speed
the last parting guests. Mrs. St. John wore a black Russian
net gown over white, and Miss St. John was in a quiet, pretty

silk costume, a youthful and cordial assistant hostess. Mrs.
Whitney, in a dainty little taffeta gown in white and black,
with applications of bisque lace, and her daughters, Mrs.
Thompson in white and pink, and Miss Whitney in white
India silk, were present. Lady Mulock and Mrs. Mulock, Mrs.
G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. Beattie Nesbitt, Mrs. Crompton,
Mrs. Cattanaach, Miss Wornum, Mr. and Mrs. Glackmeyer, Dr.
and Mrs. Ryerson, Mrs. C. Egerton Ryerson, Miss Ryerson,
Mrs. Landers, Mrs. McGarron, Mrs. S. Alfred Jones, Mr.
Harcourt, Hon. Dr. Pyne, Mrs. McPhedran, Mr. Bastedo,
Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Lockhart Watt, Hon. Adam Beck, Mrs.
C. Ritchie, Rev. Mr. Macdonald, Professor and Mrs. Goldwin
Smith, Colonel and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Mrs. George Reid,
Miss Helen Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Pyne, Lady Thompson, Mrs.
and Miss Machray, Mrs. Harry Gamble, Mrs. and the Misses
Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. E.
M. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Kemp of
Castle Frank, Major and Mrs. J. Cooper Mason, Chief Justice
Moss, President and Mrs. Loudon, Miss Loudon, Professor
and Mrs. Squair, Colonel and Mrs. Milligan, Major and Mrs.
Edward Leigh, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Galt, Mr. and Mrs. M. C.
Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Beatty, Captain
and Mrs. Capron Brooke. The buffet in the dining-room was
done in daffodils, very bright and sunny-looking, but the glory
of the greenhouses was in the reception-room, where scores of
Beauty roses, primulas, begonias and carnations in every shade
of pink were massed, banked, all a-growing and a-blowing, or
arranged in vases on the stands, mantel and tables. An or-
chestra played in the hall, opposite the *salon* door. A bevy
of young matrons and girls waited on the hundreds of visitors
to the best of their ability, and an army of waiters were busy
behind the buffet keeping up the supply of delicious fresh
dainties in the cake and sandwich line, with ice-cream also in
pink and little cakelets in yellow paper petticoats. Some of
those assisting in the dining-room were: Mrs. S. A. Jones,
Mrs. Deeks, Miss Ritchie.

The third *salon* of the Toronto Camera Club is on this
week, closing this evening at ten o'clock. This exhibition of
the best in photographic work is well worth a visit and shoals
of people are seeing it. The Camera Club rooms are on the
corner of Yonge and Gerrard streets. The open hours are
two to six and eight to ten o'clock.

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence Will-
oughby, youngest daughter of Mr. William Willoughby, and
Mr. Charles Arthur Brodigan of Toronto. Their marriage
will take place this month.

Mrs. Robert McCallum and Miss McCallum will not re-
ceive until the autumn.

Here is the latest in stories of the "domestic famine." A
hostess was on the point of concluding an engagement with a
very promising maid when she remarked, "You may go out
on Thursday evening and Sunday afternoon." The maid in-
quired, "And when may I receive, num?" After some dis-
cussion the maid was allowed to "receive" on Saturday after-
noons from three to five, but the mistress regretted her kind-
ness too late when she saw in a daily paper that Miss (let
us say Bridget O'Toole) would be at home to friends at —
street on Saturdays from 3 to 5, and instead of being
properly sympathetic I regret to say that "hubby" roared
laughing at the offending notice, and showed it to his chums
at the club. *Sic transit gloria patricii!*

Among those recently registered at the Welland, St. Cathar-
ines, are: Rev. T. C. DesBarres, Mrs. and Miss DesBarres,
Mr. and Mrs. Graham Thompson, Mr. Ireland, Miss van der
Smitten, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Webber, Mr. and Mrs. W. H.
Carrick, Mr. and Mrs. W. Rogerson, Mrs. W. G. Wallace,
Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Blake, Mrs. H. Anger, Mrs. J. B. Ma-
gurn, Miss Thorburn, Mrs. D. Carlyle, Mrs. A. F. Maden,
Mr. George Ince, Miss McAndrew, Mr. J. A. McAndrew,
Mr. H. W. Auden, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. A. McLean,
Mr. G. M. Peterson, Mrs. G. N. Skelly, Mr. H. C. French, of
Buffalo; Mrs. H. A. Francis and Miss Francis of Niagara
Falls, N.Y.; Mr. and Mrs. T. Crooks, Mr. and Mrs. E. D.
Cahill, Mrs. O. G. Carscallen, of Hamilton; Mrs. R. Scott,
Miss Scott, of Galt; Miss F. E. Flood, of London.

The marriage of Miss Bertha Marie Rouleau, youngest
daughter of the late Judge Rouleau of Calgary, N.W.T., to
Mr. Eustace Haselwood Grubbe, elder son of Mr. R. W.
Grubbe of Peterboro', Ont., will take place at the Church of
the Holy Rosary, Vancouver, B.C., on the third of May. The
bride's attendants will be Miss Ida Cambie and Miss Irene
Brignall. There will be two "best men," Mr. Guy Lafferty
and Mr. Harry Cambie.

The auction sale of boxes for the Canadian Horse Show
will take place in the banquet hall of the King Edward
Hotel on Wednesday April 19, at 4.30 p.m. Ladies are cordi-
ally invited to be present. Afternoon tea will be served after
the sale. Five tickets will be given to each box which will
admit bearer to the entire period of the show, sixteen per-
formances.

Mrs. Richard W. Teskey, 479 1-2 Euclid avenue, will
receive on Tuesday, the 18th inst., for the last time this season.

Mrs. Landers of Belleville was a handsome visitor at the
Speaker's Chambers on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerhardt Heintzman returned last week from
Atlantic City and New York. Miss Nelda Heintzman is go-
ing down to the seaside and New York for Easter.

Mrs. Cattanaach receives on Mondays at 26 Park road.
She is fairly settled in her new home, and looks remarkably
well after a year abroad.

Mrs. Reynolds of Elm avenue returned the other day
from a visit to New York.

Dr. James McLeod of Buffalo paid a flying visit to To-
ronto on Saturday and spent Sunday with his people in Cres-
cent road.

Six Sermonettes for Lententide.

V. TO THE CHOIR.

It may be the old-time choir of mingled voices, where the
soulful tenors and the temperate sopranos balance the
tuneless basses and the adipsos contraltos. To such
there is but one sentence when in the throes of execu-
tion: "Remember the Maine," and don't dare an explo-
sion. The soprano may be a cat and the alto a tub, the tenor
may be vain and the bass sulky, but there is a congregation
of long-suffering worshippers who care nothing for these
things. Think sometimes of them, and be moderately har-
monious. I might easily give you higher subjects of thought,
but it would be waste of good effort, which is needed else-
where. If the choir be the salaried quartette, let me beg of
them to give the rest of us a look-in occasionally on a simple
strain and words that don't reiterate until they become mere
"shadows of dead sound." Ordinary mortals cannot worship
at opera pitch! If the choir be that amalgamation of all that
is fiendish, ingenious, mischievous, sacrilegious, hypocritical,
done up in white lawn and led by an imp of Satan with a
larynx intended for a cherub, I can assure it that every Sun-
day service becomes through its instrumentality a time of
torture and humiliation of soul to any curate with eyes and
ideas of what those eyes should see in choir deportment.
Every hunch and pinch passed slyly down Cantoris, every
hump of gum and grimy sweat exchanged by Decani, every
wink, every lolling loafing pose, every careless slurring of so-
lemn words, every weary or impatient motion, all the avalanche
of irreverence, impishness and general depravity which exudes
from the average choir-boy, bruises the spirit of the curate,
prays he never so devoutly. The only thing one could wish is
that in this case the old statement should be reversed and
"little boys should be heard, not seen." Choirs are necessary
evils. Let me beg of them to make themselves more necessary
and less evil and earn the better opinion of

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pended from a dainty silk ribbon
and the pins are so placed as to
form the flower's stamens. Price
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Mr. and Mrs. Edward Nicholls are residing in Jarvis street. Mrs. Nicholls (née Wood of New Brunswick, a daughter of Hon. Senator Wood) has already many friends here, but will not receive until autumn, when she will be in her own house.

Sir Adolphe Caron was in town at mid-week, stopping at the King Edward.

On Wednesday occurred the death of Mrs. Atkinson, mother of Mrs. Walter Barwick and Mrs. Warren Burton, at the home of the latter, 37 Admiral road. Mrs. Atkinson had been for some years an invalid but formerly when living with Mrs. Barwick was one of the most delightful of old Irish ladies whom it was a pleasure to meet.

The death of Mrs. John Fletcher, mother of Mrs. Alton H. Garrett of College street, occurred this week, and removed from her own quiet circle a woman of keen intellect, great force of character, and much worth. The notices of her decease have expatiated upon her tenacity and devotion in securing, mostly by personal effort and solicitation the funds for the erection of the Volunteers' Monument in the Queen's Park, but though this recognition of our dead hero's was her work, she also did much for those needy in life of assistance. For years she was a devoted officer or member of the Board of the Girls' Home, and before her home in St. Joseph street was broken up it was the rendezvous of a cultured little group of women who delighted in their president's cleverness and learning. Mrs. Fletcher died at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. W. Goulding, in St. George street.

The President of the Automobile Club offered the courtesies of the club to His Excellency and his party during the viceregal visit and received a pleasant acceptance of the offer a few days since. The autos will probably be in commission busily during Easter week, and the distinguished guests will, like dainty Dolly Varden, "run about the town a bit."

A QUESTION OF TO-DAY.

At home or not at home? That is the question. Whether to sit in state in silken gown, And listen to the self-same platitudes Of scandal, weather, servants or ill-health, Or sport my oak, and clad in curtailed skirts Hie forth a-wheel, a-foot, to rural haunts, To gossip with the robin whistling sweet Or hunt arbutus 'neath the sheltering bank, Or pedalling swiftly, breathing purer air, So losing account of time and care and ill?

The Consuls in Toronto will unite to give a farewell dinner to Mr. Gonsaulus, United States Consul, recently stationed here, who is leaving for Cork, Ireland. The dinner will take place at the King Edward on Monday evening.

There will be a special church parade of the permanent force from Stanley Barracks to St. George's Church to-morrow morning for divine service. The force is so much augmented that it was found impossible to spare space for their accommodation in the Cathedral, and they will attend service in St. George's Church instead. Canon Cayley will preach.

Mrs. E. O. Bickford has sent out cards for a matinee bridge in the Straling Players' Club-rooms on Easter Monday, April 24.

Mrs. Byron E. Walker of 99 St. George street invited a number of her friends to her artistic home to listen to an address on Settlement work by Miss Elwood at four o'clock yesterday.

One of the features of the Toronto Horse Show which is always grateful is the well-managed and cosy tea-room arranged in the big mess-room at the Armouries. For the past year or two the tea-room has been delightful, artistic and dainty in arrangement, and the waitresses charming young women who have given time and labor to enhance the satisfaction everyone took in a visit to its precincts. The fees which were levied for the always nice refreshments were for the benefit of the Humane Society, hence the interest taken by our nicest people. Mrs. Stewart Houston was last year at the head of the enterprise, and will, I understand, give her time and care to it this year also.

Mr. Norman H. Bastedo and Miss Leah Walker will be married on Wednesday of Easter week in St. George's Church. I hear the wedding will be a very quiet one.

Mrs. Stephen Haas and her sister, Mrs. Alan Sullivan, went early in the week to Atlantic City for rest and change. Mrs. Sullivan has not been at all strong and has had illness in her family. Both will doubtless benefit greatly by the trip.

Among the callers at Government House on the last Thursday reception were Colonel Bridge and Major Drage, who are out on military business from England.

At time of going to press favorable accounts were happily possible of two invalids whose condition interests hosts of Torontonians. His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto, who underwent an urgent operation in the General Hospital early in the week, was doing famously, and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, whose sudden prostration on Sunday caused so much alarm, was regaining her strength in perfect rest and quiet under her physician's order of complete seclusion. His Lordship was stricken almost while discharging one of the most beautiful and solemn Episcopal duties, the confirmation of church members, at Grace Church. Mrs. Mortimer Clark's prostration is not unexpected by many friends who have seen her unselfish devotion to the many exacting duties falling upon her as the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor, with some apprehension of over-exertion.

A very pretty wedding took place on Wednesday at half-past two in the afternoon at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Easson of 37 Willocks street, when their second daughter, Miss Jessie, was married to Mr. Ernest V. Neelds, B.A.Sc., of Denver, Colorado, manager of the Crystal silver mines, son of Dr. and Mrs. Neelds of Lindsay, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Dr. McTavish of the Central Presbyterian Church. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very sweet and radiant in a gown of exquisite Brussels lace over ivory satin, with a soft Brussels net veil. She wore some fine pearls, the gift of the groom, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids were Miss Margaret Easson, sister of the bride, in cream, and Miss Ethel Neelds, sister of the groom, in pale blue *crêpe de Chine*, with cream lace hats and cream blouses, carrying large sheaves of pale pink roses. Mr. William G. Blackstock was the best man, assisted by Mr. Frederick MacKellan, members of the Zeta Psi fraternity, with the groom. The house was beautifully decorated with palms and garlands of white tulips and lilies of the valley. Congratulations were received and the health of the bride, proposed by Dr. McTavish, and responded to by the groom in a particularly happy manner. Mr. and Mrs. Neelds left by the 4.40 train for Chicago, en route for Denver, their future home. The wedding party was very small, only the immediate relatives and friends of the bride and groom having been invited.

The good stork left the gift of a fine baby boy with Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Johnstone, 161 Park road, on Wednesday. Mrs. Bowles, formerly Elizabeth King, is with her sister, Mrs. Johnstone, on a visit.

A very interesting entertainment was given at Westminster College last night. (Westminster College is the new name of the Presbyterian Ladies' College.) The amusements of the evening were a topic party and two little plays, which were

well done. Mr. and Mrs. Gregory very cordially received the guests and presided most happily over the affair, which lasted from eight to half-past eleven.

The Speeds of Different Animals.

A European engineer, Joseph Olshausen, began about fifteen years ago to measure the speeds of all creatures that he could study. A good pedestrian's speed over good roads, he says, is a sixteenth of a mile, in twelve seconds. The German soldier covers a little more than three miles an hour during an ordinary march that does not last too long. The maximum speed acquired by the average person in swimming comfortably is 39 inches a second. Oarsmen in an eight-oared barge acquired a speed of 197 inches in a second. Skaters average from nine to ten yards a second, while runners on skis have made as much as 21 yards in the same time, and the jumper on skis has developed almost 40 yards velocity in a second. The man who made this record jumped 120 feet. Ice-boats skim over the ice at velocities that have reached 36 yards a second, or more than a mile a minute. The fastest that has been done on a bicycle is the record of 66 feet a second. The horse can gallop six miles in an hour for a considerable length of time. The swiftest dog in the world, the borzoi, or Russian wolf-hound, has made record runs that show 75 feet in a second, while the gazelle has shown measured speed of more than 80 feet a second. The gazelle, however, swift as it is, is not as swift as the ostrich, for that homely but swift bird can run 98 feet to the second when he really gets down to it. But then he helps himself along with his wings. The whale, struck by a harpoon and sounding in terror, has been known to dive at the rate of 300 yards in a minute. The Virginia railpiper has made measured flights of 7,500 yards a minute, and the European swallow has attained speeds of more than 8,000 yards. A species of falcon, known as the wandering falcon, flies from North Africa to Northern Germany, in one unbroken flight, making the distance in eleven hours.

Taking Time by the Forelock

It was late in the afternoon, just at dusk, when a carriage, evidently from the country, drove up to the door of "Anson King, Stationer," and a young woman alighted and entered the little shop.

She asked to see some thin stationery, and after selecting what she desired she hesitated for a moment.

"Do you make any reduction to clergymen?" she asked softly.

"Certainly, madam," said the stationer, with great promptness. "Are you a clergyman's wife?"

"No," said the young woman.

"Ah, a clergyman's daughter, then," said the stationer, as he began to tie up the paper in a neat package.

"No," said the young woman. Then she leaned across the counter, and spoke in a confidential and thrilling whisper: "But if nothing happens I shall be engaged to a theological student as soon as he comes home this autumn."

Mr. Hall Came on Clergy.

Speaking as one whose intimate friends are among the members of the clerical profession, I will venture the opinion that in the qualities of sincerity, purity, and self-sacrifice, they are neither much better nor worse than almost any other class with which I have been brought into close relation, including even the much-maligned class of actors and actresses who live, perhaps, under influences of more temptation.—Hall Came in *Booklovers' Magazine*.

The Story of Lacer Dan.

"Ye talk of men's love for wimmen—or pashun," said Lacer Dan.

"But, fer love thet is strong an' holy, I bank on man's love fer man."

"Tain't of n men loves one 'nother th' way thet they oughter do."

"But, sometimes, I tell ye, stranger, they sticks ter each other, true."

"D'ye know El Dorado Charlie, what opened the Mohawk vein?"

"He's rich, now—lives in th' city, an' rides on a special train."

"He hedn't found no bonanza, them days, when he use ter dig."

"Aroun' in th' hills, promise'us, expectin' ter strike it big."

"An', likewise, he hed a partner by name o' Chicago Dick."

"Them two they wuz just like brothers. I never seen men so thick."

"Dick he wuz a little feller, but nerry, an' full o' sand."

"C'd sit fer days in th' saddle, and prospec' t' beat th' band."

"Well, one day him an' his partner wuz ridin' Death Valley way."

"Th' heat's wuz'n hell there, stranger. Can't stand it fer more'n a day."

"Ness ye got barr'ls o' water, an' canvas over yer head."

"There's plenty of them tried it, and never cum back—they're dead."

"But, ez I wuz sayin', stranger, them two wuz a travelin' thus."

"When, all on a sudden, Charlie, he up an' begins to cuss."

"His canteen wuz dry ez powder, an' nary a spring in sight."

"He knowed what it ment—no water 'til they hit camp thet night."

"He never lets on, does Charlie (knowed Dick hedn't nuff fer two),"

"But jest sets up in th' saddle. Says he, 'I kin stick it through.'"

"Wh never he sees Dick drinkin', he sort o' turns 'way his face."

"But his throat is a-swellin' painful—an' right in th' hottest place."

"He natchally keels right over; not makin' a mortal sound."

"An', if his pard hedn't grabbed him, he sure would o' hit th' ground."

"Well, Dick, he wuz skait plum crazy. 'What's matter, ol' pard?' says he."

"Says Charlie, 'Git on t' water, and don't waste no time on me.'"

"I allow as I be a goner, an' ready to cash my chips,'"

"An' then he gits talkin' loco—'bout rivers an' lakes an' ships."

"Well, stranger, Dick held his partner up straight on thet burro's back."

"A-walkin' along beside him, an' leadin' th' other jack."

"It must o' been three 'r four hours 'til th' camp cum in sight."

"Dick carried his pard to water—an' then he give up th' fight."

"When Charlie comes to, nex' mornin', an' looks fer his pard again."

"Dick lays with his dead hands clawin' th' ledge o' th' Mohawk vein."

LOUIS J. STELLMAN.

The Editor's Scrap Book.

Wise Sayings by Wise Men.

"Of modern inventions the bicycle is, in my opinion, the most conducive to health and happiness of any, when properly used."—Frederick Holme Wiggins, M.D., ex-President New York State Medical Society. New York City, June, 1904.

"Bicycling is one of the most delightful of out-of-door sports. It refreshes the body, stimulates the mind, and by annihilating distance, enables one in spare hours to flee from the turmoil of the city and to enjoy the quiet and beauty of nature in country and field."—Helen L. Webster, Ph.D., formerly Professor of Comparative Philology, Wellesley College, July, 1904.

The new bicycle is the Massey-Harris Cushion Frame, with Sills Handle-bar and Morrow Coaster Brake—automobile blue is the new color for the new bicycle.

"She said she would be angry last night if I kissed her." "Well?" "Well, I might just as well have done it, for she seemed to be angry about something anyhow."



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Set Aside April 22nd.

New York Central Railroad will run an excursion to New York on April 22. Tickets good going only on that date, and good for five days for return; \$10.25 round trip from Suspension Bridge and Buffalo. Write L. Drago, 69 1-2 Yonge street, Toronto, for all information.

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The Nordheimer Piano
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The White Llama

By CHARLES F. LUMMIS

HERE that dusty snake, the old King's Highway to La Paz, wriggles across the brown Puna from the north-west; where dwarfish Indians harrow their fields by breaking a clod at a time, with the same prehistoric stone mace that served their ancestors for a war-club—men and women side by side belaboring the lumpy charras whereunto they shall plant the bitter little potatoes which will ripen (and will taste green when ripe), or the barley which may ripen one year out of three—that is where it all happened. Indeed, it had to happen there; as you know, if you know Bolivia. Nowhere else in the world could all the things have befallen together which elected a woolly four-footed beast temporary Judge of Collo-Collo—and, in purity of truth, one of the best judges ever. A just judge, clearly—and not like the historic one who ruled that every Indian in his *departamento* should wear "front-eyes" simply because he had received from the Mother Country a cargo of spectacles on consignment. And a wise judge, beyond peradventure; since between winks he definitely settled questions competent to have floored a Philadelphia lawyer—if we can imagine that proverb of legal wisdom surviving at all at an altitude where the least thing that happens to a stranger is instant loss of the very fundament of a lawyer, sound mind.

In the first place came Trinidad, herding before him three burros, empty; and strutting the charango—that Yankee device primitive man ever fell upon who had to have a mandolin where there was nothing to make one withal. Within three hundred miles of him there was not a growing stick so thick as a lady's little toe; and the woods of the hugest forest in the world, over behind yonder twenty-thousand foot range—well, by the time a pole the bigness of a walking-stick had come about from the Amazonas to the Puna, its market value was just about what a man could earn by the sweat of his face for a week. Now, the orthodox mandolin finds itself made of wood; and most of us, who know only what we remember, would go without mandolins for a long time, on that bald brow of Bolivia, where there is not a bush in an area the size of New England, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania put together, and where houses are of porphyry because boards are too costly. But not so the squat Serranos of the Puna—certainly not, so long as the good Lord furnishes animals that are quite as good lumber as comes from trees, and considerably less work in the sawmill. So Trinidad himself had captured the first predestined armadillo that scuttled across his path; had picked its flesh piecemeal and patiently from out its carapace, and after drying it, had nailed this symmetrical, horny, hairy bowl to a belly and neck whittled with his own sheath-knife from a bit of pine box-cover—a stungy slat all the way from The World for which he had paid a round dollar in La Paz. The strings were sheep-gut, of his own twisting, and the neck was stained red, yellow, and green with herbs he himself had gathered. Altogether, it was Trinidad's own charango; after a fullness had to be guessed by its poor folk who can do no better than buy what the brains and hands of other men have done for us.

La Paz was already ten leagues behind him; but he had no thought to ease the road by throwing a leg over one of the vacant pack-saddles. If burros can walk, why not a man? So he trudged calmly at their heels, laying an

iterant thumb to the thin-voiced strings, and singing an Aymara love-song. The Caucasian can as little sing as love, at fourteen thousand feet in Bolivia, and has of his feet no joy whatsoever; but this brown troubadour found no difficulty in prosecuting the three industries at one breath. Having sold five vicuña pelts, ten pounds of wool, and two quintals of dried potatoes in the capital, and being now nearly at the end of his seventy-mile round-trip afoot, it was only natural that he should be in tune. Besides, Chona had smiled! A real smile, of white teeth and personal eyes, and not the mere facial efflorescence with which one may favor the purchaser of one's wares. And there's such a difference! One often jumps at the rasp of a horn locust, or the scurry of a lizard among dry leaves, and wonders if—if it was—? But when Old-Man-with-a-Rattle moveth aright that bony miracle of his tail, and the dry skirr goes forth that is as magical in its effect on every living creature as in the mechanics of its utterance—why, then no one ever wonders. You know it Means You! And if the more dangerous serpent that doth bite us all has as many false alarms, he is as unmistakable when we come full upon him.

Next in the procession of Destiny came José Maria, trudging from the other way; single in sex, despite his dual name, and tooting a Pan's pipe to an air assuredly unfamiliar to the Blessed Spouses of Belen. He also had breath to spare, this prehensile-lipped José Maria; and though the nature of his instrument precluded his accompanying it with song, he assailed the double octave of wild reeds with a vigor that made song quite needless. He was on his way from Desaguadero to La Paz; and having walked but thirty miles since morning, was of course still fresh for music. Nor did the thought of a certain corner in the Plaza de San Francisco tend to lessen the shrilling of his pipes or the length of his stride. This new ditty, of his proper composition, should be played to-morrow on these same canyons, "with this my mouth," where it could not help but be heard by a nut-brown damsel who would be sitting tailor-wise on the stone flags, knitting skull-caps behind a lot of orderly little heaps (each five cents' worth) of chunyo, dried bogas, bird-skins, and other commodities of the Bolivian market-place. That would fetch her—this unresponsive Juno, a full head taller than any Spanish soldier in La Paz, and so "built" as are the best cholos in the land, the only country where the half-breeds outclass in stature, face, and wit the paternal and maternal races. And pride? Why, she had not even looked at José Maria, above his knees, when he spent every centavo of his monthly trip, and left a yard of sidewalk bare in front of her, and went absolutely without chicha (except an unpaid cup, to which a humane beggar at the corner had invited him). Nor even when he had beset the Pan's pipes for her, only so far away from her station as to the beggar's—which might have been thirty feet.

But, then, that was only a yaravi that she had heard before—in fact, every one in Bolivia had known it for a thousand years. While this—this was For Her. Anybody would know that who should hear. Who else, even in the metropolis of the Choqueyapu, was worth such ululations in the upper octave, except this unsmiling goddess who sat and sold and made no sign—no, not when the chief of police bought out her stock, and spoke to her as only chiefs of police have the face to speak? There were even some who said that the President himself had paid money in hand for enough of dried potatoes from her within a year to have floated the cathedral across Lake Titicaca, and had not yet learned the color of her eyes. But these were mere *oficiales*. Wait till a Master Musician had a fair chance! She would know! It would not need the public scrivener, who writes even one's love-letters down at the corner, to tell her that no other woman in all Bolivia could possibly have inspired such an agony of adoring minors. And blowing harder than ever in the topmost pipes, José Maria turned the corner and came up with the desolate tambo.

His four llamas marched solemnly into the stone corral, all by themselves. If José Maria had been absent in Halifax, it would have been all the same—for the native camel of South America has learned his lesson. Even a Boston pundit is less elastic as to what is Expected of Him. And the old white llama, made pack-wise by José Maria's grandfather, scrupulously and unreservedly bit the youngest of the train—a raw thing which thought to lie down before its pack was removed. There are only two Christian times for a camel of the Andes to recline by day—when he is relieved of a proper burden (which is one hundred pounds), and when an improper burden is first laid upon him (which is one hundred and one pounds or upward).

Joseph Maria restored the Pan's pipes reluctantly to his left-hand pouch, and dismounted the llamas of their loads. That was all. There was no feeding and no watering to be done, for the best of all reasons, namely, that water and fodder were alike lacking. The llamas could graze again to-morrow by the unhurried wayside, while the pipes dreamed out new pilliwinks to the new Composition. José Maria merely set his packs and saddles astride the high corral wall, out of reach of three doleful burros which were nosing wistfully among their own bare *aparejos*. And then he went around to the door of the tambo. In this cheerless stone box of a room, a presumptive "fire" of taqui was smouldering on the dirt floor. These llama "chips"—the only fuel of the great plateau—do not blaze. By enough asperity of the strongest lungs, they can be induced to a pallid combustion some-

what like that of musty punk. Even now, the owner of the burros was on hands and knees, puffing mightily to persuade so much glow as might warm the morsel of leathery charqui laid upon what courtesy could have called the "coals." The acrid smoke bent every-whither except toward the door, its only exit.

Trinidad looked up long enough to answer in kind to José Maria's *Camisa-sequetada*, and resumed his task as bel-lows. People who have better things to do are not talkative. At times, when I remember jerked llama-meat, I waver. Perhaps even speech may be as good in the mouth. But this thought never occurred to me in a tambo. No man, probably, ever came to a tambo but he was tired, hungry, and reticent; it is only in looser hours that he compares charqui and warmed-over boots—to the distinct disadvantage of charqui—and that he talks.

Leave is taken for granted, in whatsoever wilderness; and José Maria fished a piece of charqui from his chuspa and began to huff and puff at the opposite side of the sullen embers. Charqui can be cooked, if pulverized and fried; but at a fire of taqui in a tambo it is merely warmed enough to start the grease, and then is gnawed lukewarm and laboriously. The two men set strong white teeth edgewise, each to his reluctant morsel.

I know of no competent simile for dried llama meat—and I have gone hungry on many frontiers, too. Horsemeat, mulemeat, iguana, dog, prairie-dog, grasshopper bread, rattlesnake, these are not only nutritious, they are cordial. But charqui of llama—well, if the First Pharaoh's chief had been bowstrung for frying a rump-steak over a slow fire out of all semblance of humanity; and if our Egyptologists had just exhumed the mummy of the culprit, his leathern hand still clasp the imperishable reminder of his guilt; and if we warmed it over by lighting three consecutive matches somewhere under it—why, then I should studiously turn the llama side of the plate to you as I passed it. Me, I prefer mummy.

For an hour, Trinidad and José Maria worried silently at their "meal." It was less because they were satisfied, that each tucked back in his chuspa a saving remnant, than because even Serrano jaws could no more.

Only after each had lighted his cigarillo (by blowing sturdily at the taqui till its coals were worth even that much) did the silence break. Nine-tenths of the talking in this world is done because people are afraid of one of the other. People who are afraid of nothing except the only fearsome thing on earth—these talk when they really wish to say something.

The last arriving curlicues of the Pan's pipes had not been lost on Trinidad, even though he was on his knees and blowing taqui. All humans know music. This is so true that even to this day we hire people to translate for us what every man used to talk personally. Nay, we pay, for the privilege of playing a piano with a grindstone, so much money as our great-grandfathers expended to maintain a goodly family for a year.

Trinidad knew none of the patter of those who make vocabularies for vicarious song. He had never so much as heard of "timbre" or of "tonality." But he knew his ears. Clearly, the person felt warm inside. Love or chicha? The music had been time enough to see that the younger man was not drunk. Therefore only affection could ail him—and with that uncanny instinct which we call *feminine intuition* (because women are about the only civilized people who have not lost nearly all the natural senses) Trinidad began soberly:

"Mppss! Thou playest good, and gladly. Is there some one in the city?"

"One," said José Maria, with visible dignity; "and I made that yaravi for her. To-morrow I shall play it to her in the Plaza de San Francisco. She cannot resist that."

"In the Plaza de San Francisco, mppss?" Trinidad spoke rather more curtly. "There are many there."

"But of the many there is only one!" José Maria's voice rose a little. He was younger than Trinidad, by five years—ten per cent. of a long Serrano life. "Why, she is tall as—as tall as the greater chuncho at Tiahuanacu." With each period, José Maria's voice was pitched a half-tone higher. He was himself five feet and two inches in stature. Among people who live over two miles and a half above sea-level, that is tall enough to feel tall; but still to be liable to conviction of this grenadier of a goddess. "When she hears that, she will give me a smile—and they say she has never smiled on man."

Trinidad's voice, on the contrary, had fallen at least a half-tone as he answered calmly:

"What woman taller than the *Chuncho Mayor* is to smile for thee? Nor what nice! Thou art a boy. Look you! When women smile so, it is not for an idle song, but for the breath that goeth forth from all about a Man. I have seen this tall one, and it is certain that no man has ever known her smile. Now, then, for thee?" And Trinidad's voice dropped lower yet, remembering the white teeth of her shining out for him.

Respect to age is the very cornerstone of man's cohesion. No sound social fabric ever stood long without it; and if the paper-doll house of civilization seems to deny the law, and to need no foundation—whether has it yet withstood the weather of Time. And "Age"



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among simple peoples—to a man of twenty-five, thirty is "Age." So José Maria did not "get smart" as a college graduate would have done. He was, indeed, a little shaken. Maybe she wouldn't smile. Who knows? This elder man says not. And so José Maria answered respectfully: "You are older. Me, I don't know about women, except that they are Unlike. And she is even unlike other women. But the rest like music—music that is for them. And this is very good." He was not boastful, now, but merely professional. He wriggled the Pan's pipes from his pouch, and began to play, very gently. But as the music came to ride new eddies of the smouldering smoke of taqui, he took heart. In an unconscious crescendo, the toraliools of the reeds swelled and grew upon the dark, close room. No doubt about it—José Maria was a composer. Now that sudden apprehension had overtaken him, his yaravi was clearly finer, sweeter, more searching than when he came up with the tambo with nothing to think of but himself—the Lady, of course, extra.

Trinidad was first to know it. Also, he was older. "It is very good," he said gravely. "If I were a woman, I would like much a song—and to have it made for me. But nobody is a woman except women. My Father God, He knows what they will do; but perhaps even He knoweth not what they may do. Me, I have seen some, but I do not know them. When it is to deal with them, I think with care what they will like, and listen to what they say—then I do the opposite. And that proves to be what they wished."

"But this *hembra* is different," said José Maria, bridling a little even in the face of superiority.

"She is taller," answered Trinidad imperturbably. "But she is from the same rib."

This was too much for José Maria. A man might be older, yes—but no man could tell him that this chiefest of her sex was even as other women. The rehearsing of his tribute to her had gone a little to his head, too—as music sometimes does even to ours, though we did not make it.

"Not so," retorted José Maria. "My Father God made her on Purpose! She is like no other woman. Her very eyelashes weigh more than any other's whole entire being. Have I not seen them from above? And when she hears this song of her, then she will look up and show her teeth to him that made it. Her teeth and the eyes which see with-out looking."

"It may be that she will," said Trinidad calmly. "I would, if I were a woman. It is a good song. If I were a woman, I would choose boys. And particularly such as spill their breath in the hole of a wild reed. So, they have less lungs for scolding. Besides, green cane is easily bent. When it grows hard enough to make even pipes, it has its own way. A man would remember this. But women—they would rather be People to a thousand people."

"To make even pipes?" echoed José Maria angrily. "But that is only envy. For her, I tell thee she is different. She is Master. When she lifts her eyes, she will command."

Trinidad grunted. "She waits," he added dryly, "for a Man who can make her lift her eyes unaware, and drop them against her will."

Upon the heels of the slur to his pipes, this dissection of his ideal undid José Maria. He whooped to his feet, his temples knotting, his eyes redder than the smudge of taqui had made them. His fat fists turned bony.

"Judgment between me and thee!" he cried. "For all thou art older, I defy thee! Perhaps she has given thee squashes (the mittens) for a dry old man. 'Thou master her! Now before my Father God!'"

"Seest thee, son," said Trinidad, not unkindly. "And do not molest the Last Judge. The young always appeal to Him, even before going first to a justice of the peace. Even the Corregidor hath cares. If thou must have a lawsuit, let it be before not God nor Don Pepe, but let us leave it to the White Llama of the defunct Hilario. He knows enough for this."

Trinidad's tone had turned mocking, and José Maria would have grown angrier yet, except for very wonder. Was this a wizard, to hit upon the selfsame llama that he had not seen, but which was now shut up like a German finger-cutter in the corral? Perhaps the hand of God was in it, busy as He must be. Surely, too, this was a friendly judge. And with a visible attempt at the tone of courtesy, he answered: "So be it. I will abide the judgment of the White Llama of Don Hilario. The beast is without—for the defunct was my father's father. But how shall we join issue?"

Trinidad lost himself for a moment in the outer seeming of thought. Of course, this youth did not realize his likeness to the deceased; nor had he any reason to note the white, long hairs upon his poncho. Then, lingeringly:

"Mppss! I am just come from La Paz, where I sold what I had. But I

can return with thee, to try the case. For it is better that She be witness. And I, too, will abide the judgment of the White Llama of Hilario, my lamented friend. Blessed old man! And to what an age! For the priest himself told me that by the baptismal records he was fifty-seven when he was taken to God. In the morning, then." And Trinidad lay back on the earthen floor, tucking his feet up under his poncho, laying his sombrero aside but retaining his gay peaked cap, and closed his eyes with an air very few men would have ventured to question, so simple was it, yet so final.

José Maria did not venture. After a blank moment he pushed the door of the freezing dark. "Mother of me!" he muttered, "how sad a thing is Age! That church must be of thirty years! By the face, that is—for his speech is cold as one older yet. He even sneered at the pipes!" Out came the slandered canes from the chuspa; and, cajoling them softly, José Maria went strolling with the night. There was no confident tooting, now. Yonder sleepy cannibal, who could not even lie awake for Her—he would blow a tempest upon these timid reeds—if he knew enough to play them at all. "Master," eh? Nay, with burros made, but with women, thus—and the chastened lover wooed the reeds so softly as no man could dream who has not heard the very wraith of a flute wandering, wondering, wailing, yearning, and despairing nightlong amid the Andean solitudes.

At four of the dawn, José Maria came in. Trinidad was again persuading a little glow of taqui. He looked up and gave good-morning with no question in his voice. What to him, whether a Boy slept or went owling? José Maria had come near to the conventions by at least a grunt in response, but at this contemptuous indifference he withheld. The night had changed him. Trudging these cold hours in a world where no more was to be seen than the dim grey thread that meant the trail, and halfway up the sky, those awful peaks that are whiter the more the night is black, he had dreamed a thousand nightmares. The very pipes had shared the obsession. Among all folk-song, the yaravi is the byword of mournfulness; but the mother of yaravis would not have known this her youngest child, when José Maria dressed it for the last and twentieth time on the cumbre of Laja—and turned and pattered silently back to the tambo. Even the desiccated cane could find no latter sigh; and there had entered a new note, more suspect with each rendering. When the pipes were futile, and his feet turned back, José Maria's hand went down unconsciously to where a haft of ironwood stood above his belt. Below was a rude blade whose upper half showed diagonal lines (the smith had not effaced). Perhaps he had not cared to do it—a sort of hall-mark in lands where the smith is not yet a mere machine. Store cutlery, a rib of breast-bone may as well as not break; but where you go where a knife is Brother, beware of the converted file. Nothing will stop that!

But, as has been said, Trinidad was awake and compelling the breakfast fire. José Maria clumsily wedged his pipes into his chuspa, extracted the frugal bit of charqui, and held it to the intermittent glow.

Trinidad was already chewing sturdily. Still wrangling his morsel, he said: "The challenge is thine. How shall it be?"

A witch, to think so far! But José Maria gathered himself. "N—the llama—mpps, we will go first to Her, and tell her, and of the judge. Then we will see. And also"—as he noted the little mandolin he had been too preoccupied to think of before—"each shall play to her." His eyes brightened at this sheer inspiration. Get this cannibal to play his heartlessness to Her!

They grew dark soon enough as Trinidad drawled, "It is well. Two judges will be the same—though I advised thee not to bother the gods when thy pack-beast was court enough. We will go to her, and tell. Then we will be-sing her it mous. But Trinidad drew, and he came very near to laughing again, as he remembered his sacrifice—a little handful of dry green leaves, which should have been his solace to-day, laid under the wistful nose of the White Llama last night, while José Maria was off vagrant with his whiffing pipes. It is a masterful bush, this of the coca. Fastening otherhow, and with only a little quid of its leaves, sprinkled with lime, a Serrano can toil all day—and, for that matter, most of us in civilization know bet-

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ter how far cocaine will go than how far it has come from.

At two miles Trinidad drew in sight. José Maria was piping absently, breaking off now and again to exhort the ltering llamas when they dozed at their grazing. That is, three of them. For the White Llama was quarter of a mile ahead, his spiny feet marking time, his stove-pipe neck swaying rhythmically, but never stooping for a nip.

The lumber-walking burros came up with the piper, and drew ahead. Trinidad nodded amiably as he passed; but José Maria was busy with a new variation, and turned the mere tail of an eye. The White Llama, when they overtook him, was almost as absorbed. He puckered his long nose, indeed, as the grave burros crept past him; but forgot to spit at them after the etiquette of his kind. Trinidad shifted the pack a little, where the hitch had gone loose; and the White Llama grunted satisfaction. In half an hour he was a mere speck behind them; and Trinidad, humming softly, drew the charango across his breast and began to tease the strings.

By rights, they should have come to La Paz two hours better than the dawdlers; but Trinidad looked back when they passed the Pilar del Alto, where the road dives headlong from the flat Puna down into that matchless bowl in whose emerald bottom the red mosaic of La Paz is inlaid. Back at a short league a white dot flickered; and not far behind it were brown mites in motion. Trinidad smiled briefly. "He did fear, th'n," he confided to the burros; and turned down the zigzag road toward the intaglio of a city fifteen hundred feet below, singing peacefully.

José Maria need not have feared. That sudden stitch in his left side, soon after the outstripping; the then impetuous assaults upon his beasts with volleys of clods, the feverish harrowing of them forward with a curse and lump of earth whenever one bent toward a tuft of grass—all this was a mere misjudgment due to youth. For Trinidad did not enjoy his advantage of time to "see the jury," nor bespeak Chona, nor yet to swoop her bodily away—as the suddenly awakened José Maria came to picture to himself. More and more, as he ran and pelted after the sluggish llamas, he saw jealous visions. "This ancient chuncho,"—yes, he was surely a barbarian, and very old—how compelling! For, strong as she was, perhaps she could not resist if this so sure person were to say to her "Come." And the perspiring youth, by dint of clods and curses, brought his laggards to the Alto almost at the heels of the White Llama—which still marched steady as an automaton.

Such a waste of care! For Trinidad had turned aside, paused in the plazuela del Caja de Agua, and refreshed himself with a deliberate meal from the brazier of a crone squatting there. Then he rounded his burros into a corral, and brought them a wisp; then sauntered placidly down the precipitate street toward the Chocnevánu.

A lone white llama came slouching in to the irregular plaza before the cathedral. His sinful face was wrinkled with dust; the pack sagged uneven on his matted sides; but his head was up, and he marched straight to the shade of the tower and stood waiting for some one to discharge his load. Waited, shifted, waited—till at last three other rumpled

llamas, beset by a hoarse, disheveled arriero, turned the corner of Figueroa, wavered a moment, and then with a whistle from the larger llama, huddled down to him.

But now the veteran was out of humor. The exaltation of the coca had passed; and to stand an hour, laden, before allowed to fold his knees—what way was that? But neither was the tardy master in benevolent mood. He had long ago exhausted the last known curse in the Aymará category, and had even so much applied a clumsy new one of his own getting that it had no further taste in the mouth. It is a hard case when there is no more relief even in swearing. But Joseph Mary's eyes burned red from out a dull map of dust and sweat, and his hands could no more hang open than the claws of a dying owl. He was even so lost to shame as to unload the younger llamas first. For all his rage at them, a hotter hate grew unreasoning in him against this arrant scurrer. What was he in such an epidemic to get to La Paz for? What had he been doing here, all this time alone? A fine Corregidor for you! Did not judges always move slowly? And José Maria, disengaging the pack with vindictive roughness, laid it upon the top of the rest and came back freeloading to bestow a fierce kick under the belly of the beast. The White Llama laid back his ears and wrinkled his nose till all the graveyard teeth showed yellow; but thinking better, he turned his back and fell to reverie.

Trinidad, seated upon the coping not far away, did not smile. "So it is," he muttered. "A dog among lions is a lion among dogs." But his face was courteous as his tone, when he stepped forward to meet the angry man. "Art ready?" he said.

Joseph Maria glared stupidly at him. It was a moment before he could recollect. "I am ready," he grunted. "Ready for anything."

"Then we will go to Her." But Chona was not there. Her microscopic peaks of bogas and chunyo were orderly in their place along the curb—such a systematic little orography as is the first type of man's long, tacit rebuke to God who dropped mountains anyhow, and never yet made any two things quite alike—not even twins or fools. José Maria stared at the vacant space behind them, where the sidewalk was rubbed clean; but Trinidad turned about.

"There is she," he said quietly, though a little spark leapt in his eyes. "She is courting with la Lola." And he marched the still befuddled José Maria diagonally across the cobbled street. At the curb they drew up, and Trinidad took off his hat. The crone leered up at them, but Trinidad was looking down at Chona.

"Lady," he said in a low tone. "We come for thee—thy master, and thy humble slave. It is to choose between us. We will serve thee; I would command thee—though not as one who drives beasts that cannot help themselves."

Chona looked straight up at him. A proud smile budded at her mouth, and as suddenly faded. There was yellow light in his dark eyes. The mere ghost of her glance went to José Maria. There was a glow in him, too—but it was red. And her eyes met Trinidad's again as he went on:

"My friend thy slave is a Musico, and he challenges that we both play to thee. But let him play, for he is truly skilled. Me, I have only my charango and some old songs of those that all know who are the worse for women. With thy license, then,"—and he shook José Maria by the shoulder—"play, lad!"

José Maria fumbled at his chapsa and brought out the pipes. He was but half himself yet. How these masterful ones ran ahead! But he rubbed the reeds across his lower lip, and took heart of that first faint whisper. His upper lip peaked out, and he plunged into the y-ravi.

"Patience!" cried Trinidad softly—for Chona began to rise. "He made this for thee only; and truly it is good. I heard it last night at the tambo."

But already Chona was looking down on them both. Even Trinidad, as his eyes had to tiptoe to her, was shaken for a moment. She towered like Illimani, whose blue-white dominance overhangs the plaza. And then he stood straighter, and kept her look. "I have heard him," she said, with a little shake of her wide shoulders. "And it is very good. Especially from some distance, as he went to play for me. As for thy charango—mayhap some day, when thou hast nothing to speak to me, thou wilt sing a song. I like the old songs—the same my father sang to my mother when he desired her. But as for 'my Master,' I will think. We will have to prove it."

All this was lost on José Maria. He had fairly wakened with the pipes; and by now was in such an ecstasy of quavers that the graven crone stared back at him with tremulous jaw. Trinidad laid hand upon his shoulder—kindly, but with a suspicion of weight. "The lady says we shall not play," he explained; and turning to her, steadily, he added: "He will not have to prove; for thou knowest."

The piper turned angrily, but did not cease. He was midway toward a very climax.

"Stare!" said Chona imperiously, turning full upon him. "Dost not see that we are speaking? I will judge between ye—but not to music."

Joseph Maria's jaw dropped, in the very middle of a scale. For a moment he stared into those great eyes. God! how they were dark! But even then they left him carelessly and went back to Trinidad.

If the troubadour had been in a dream, he was awake now. There they stood, "seeing each other the eyes." The piper's pipes dropped to the ground, and with a swift snatch at his belt, the piper sprang at Trinidad's back.

But Chona saw. Without a word, she reached over, caught the uplifted wrist in a grip that José Maria felt in his very knees, twisted the blade from him, and stuck it calmly in her girdle. Then with one stride she fetched him under the chin a backward sweep of her left arm, and sent him sprawling over the fascinated crone and her kettle of chupe. As José Maria scrambled to his feet, he saw that she was taller yet, her mighty chest higher, a redder touch upon her olive cheek, but she was not looking at him at all. Her gaze followed Trinidad, who—still smiling, if a little grimly—turned and stepped forth to meet the returning fury halfway, and took his wind-mill hands captive, and smiled back at Her. "You should not trouble," he said

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gravely; and then to José Maria, a little softer yet: "Son! Thus before women? Did we not come to adjudicate between us?"

José Maria frothed and twisted; but the iron hands held his hands crossed upon his breast; and his eyes wavered before Trinidad's. How young they were, now!

"To adjudicate, yes!" he grumbled. "But whom didst thou name for judge?"

Trinidad ceased to smile. "Pardon," he said to Chona. "But we are compromised to be judged by the White Llama. This our young friend appealed to God for thee, and I bade him try the courts of first instance first."

Chona's thick brows lowered. "It seems I am not worth much," she said coldly.

"Thou art worth—somewhat; and Trinidad looked square up to her. "But it was only to judge which of us two thou wouldst choose—and I thought even the White Llama would know. Anyhow, both of us are sworn to abide by his ruling."

"So be," said Chona. She was still puzzled—but an Indian never takes a stump, and she added: "Bring us into court. I also will abide."

Trinidad turned toward the cathedral; the dowdiest José Maria took a step thitherward. And just then, with a little shriek, Chona came near to knocking them both over as she dashed across the street.

There, his cloven feet planted on the

curb, his beasty nose dellowing the heaps of chunyo—there was the White Llama. He had come to judgment with a vengeance! The havoc of Chona's wares lay all about.

José Maria looked twice and fled. Trinidad caught the poacher by the long wool of its rump, and with a tremendous tug swung it head-around to the street. Chona turned upon him angrily—but there was moisture in her eye. "Thou bringest thine own judges," she said. "But how of my mother, who looks for what I should have brought her to-night?"

Trinidad smiled gravely. "Thy mother shall never want," he said, very softly. "Nor thou. And even yonder goeth a priest to the cathedral. Shall we speak to him?"

She looked over him almost fiercely. A master, *pues!* When she might command the very President! How they all paraded to her! But this Man merely said, "Come."

"I do not know," she said, looking away. "Perhaps to-morrow!" But Trinidad answered quietly: "No, this very now." And Chona's eyes came back to his for a moment, and then dropped.

The way to conquer the foreign artisan is not to kill him, but to beat his work.

He who expresses his willingness to die for a woman always reserves the right to fix the date of his demise.

Social and Personal

Mr. R. S. Williams of Goderich spent a few days in town, returning home at mid-week. Mrs. and Miss Williams have been touring the United Kingdom since last spring, by train and bicycle, and have had a most glorious time. Their delightful letters are capital reading, very superior to most of the tales of travel in print. They will return to Canada in the autumn.

Mr. Arthur Harvey's death last week has removed a notably clever student, thinker and writer from our city. In all movements for the advance of science, literature, and art, Mr. Harvey could be counted on for support and interest. His picturesque personality, rare qualities and learning combined to make him a marked figure. His wife and family have the sympathy of all their friends in his loss.

Miss Sternberg's *matinée dansante* on Monday was a delight to the spectators, and the children themselves seemed to enjoy it as much as their elders. The dancing of Miss Ruthie Smith, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Smith of Huron street, was one of the gems of the programme. Grace personified, with artless simplicity of manner and childlike earnestness, was noted in Ruthie's performance of her *pas seul*, a skirt dance. Under judicious home training she has never become self-conscious or affected, as so many children do.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Gouinlock of Walmer road are home, after a winter spent in Southern Europe.

Dr. and Mrs. W. H. B. Atkins and Miss Atkins will sail from Bremen for America on Easter Tuesday. They have been in Europe for some months.

Mrs. Neville, recently of Rolleston House, received many old friends on Wednesday at 9 Gloucester street, where she has been visiting Miss Hilary.

Mrs. Osler of Craigleigh and her daughter, with Miss Juliet Cayley, returned from Ottawa last week. Mrs. Osler has had several of this year's *débütantes* for a visit in the Capital this season, and they have enjoyed their first flutter in Ottawa very much. Quite a number of Toronto girls have been at the Capital more or less during the past season, and some are still lingering, but ready to fit home promptly before the Easter-week gay doings which already seem to crowd every hour of the day.

Mr. and Miss Birchall have removed from Huron street and are now residing at 237 Branswick avenue.

The reception at Government House on Thursday of last week was largely attended, a number of visitors in town, also many of the sessional people, being present. Mrs. Clark, who has since been indisposed, looked particularly nice in a rich black gown, with some delicately fine lace. His honor came in late to greet the last few lingerers. Among those who called were: Colonel Graveley, Mrs. and Miss Whitney, Mrs. Cockburn Clewof of Ottawa, Mr. Gerald Haywood of New York, the Misses Ada and Jessie McLeod of London, England, Mrs. Calderwood of Collingwood, beside the usual scores of Toronto people. Mrs. James Fraser Macdonald, wife of the new official secretary, was at the reception, and wore a costume of fawn velvet with long coat. The Misses Mortimer Clark, Mr. Allen Magee, A.D.C., and Major Macdonald looked after the guests.

Though Mrs. Patrick Campbell's business agent would probably have liked the house better filled, yet, though slightly lacking in quantity, there was quality in the audience when on Thursday of last week the first presentation of *The Sorceress* was given. Opinions differ about *The Sorceress*, none deny that Mrs. Campbell made her a "living picture," and that her acting was fascinating and full of power. One's preconceived notions of the Moorish costume *en plein air* received somewhat of a rude shock at Mrs. Campbell's moonlight garb. It certainly was—well, one needs no words to describe its upper section. Cleopatra wore something like it, mainly heads and jewels. Several box parties were on the first night, the beautiful Miss Stella Campbell being with the Chudleigh party in their box. Mr. Alfred Beardmore, just returned from England, and Mr. Frederick Beardmore, up for a few days from Montreal, greeting many friends between the acts. General and Mrs. Benson, Miss S. Benson, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, and Mrs. Grant were in an upper *loge*, *vis-à-vis*.

Society at the Capital.

CONCERTS and amateur performances of various descriptions are at present claiming the attention of the majority of Ottawa's leading members of society, and three of the former came off last week with several of the latter to follow in the near future.

The closing entertainment of the May Court Club in the form of a concert and At Home on Wednesday evening, was a most enjoyable and very successful affair, both from a monetary and social point of view. The hall, which was filled to overflowing with all the smartest people in the Capital, was very artistically decorated with palms, flags, etc. The members of the club who comprised the Committee of Management were Miss Ethel White, Miss Annie Clarke, Miss Lola Powell, Miss Helen Scarth, Miss Alice Bell and Miss Hughson, and they are to be congratulated on their excellent executive ability. Miss Ethel Bate, Miss Sarah Sparks, Miss Effie Fenwick, and the Misses Elsie and Dorothy Cotton had charge of the tea-table, which was prettily arranged with quantities of pink carnations, the ice-cream being dispensed by Miss Beatrice Ryley, the Misses Lindsay, Miss Gisy Moore and Miss Edith Fielding. Sharp at 8.30 o'clock the viceregal party arrived, including His Excellency Lord Grey, the Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey—the latter of whom honored the occasion by making her *débüt* in public as a pianiste—Captain Newton, Captain Trotter, Major Paske and Lord Bury. Miss Alice Fitzpatrick, the May Queen, accompanied by Miss Ethel White and Miss Edith Macpherson, met and welcomed the viceregal party on their arrival. Lady Evelyn Grey, who is a most cultured musician, delighted her hearers with two selections of Schumann's, which she played with excellent technique, followed with *Spring*, by Grieg, as an encore. Mr. Pereira and Mr. Cecil Bethune both sang in their usual good voice, the former rendering *There's No Use in Complaining* in such a pleasing manner that His Excellency especially requested him to repeat it. Young Master Desrosiers, Ottawa's boy prodigy, gave two songs, *Lead, Kindly Light*, and *Sing Me to Sleep*.

Mr. Guy Mainguy, or "Sopra," as he is known in musical circles, whose intention it is to leave Ottawa shortly for larger fields of action, and who has been taking a rest of several months, was given a benefit concert by his many friends on Thursday evening in the Laurier Memorial Hall. Mr. Mainguy, whose voice has now developed into a rich baritone, himself contributed a number of vocal selections, each one of which was most vociferously encored and to which he most amiably responded. Others who contributed to the programme were Miss Lillian Gibbs, who possesses a voice of exceeding sweetness and power, Master Desrosiers and Mrs. Arthur McConnell. A party from Government House and a large number of Ottawa's smart set were among the audience.

The Woman's Morning Musical brought its season to a close by giving an evening performance on Saturday in the Laurier Memorial Hall, which was highly successful in every way. Mr. Harry M. Field of Toronto and Mrs. Innes-Taylor were the stars of the evening.

Another occasion for the gathering together of a large part of Ottawa's four hundred was the private exhibition of Miss Patti Jack's pictures on Thursday afternoon, when Lady Grey, accompanied by her daughters and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, honored the occasion with her presence and expressed herself in highly complimentary terms of Miss Patti Jack's artistic productions.

Several amateur performances are in course of preparation at present, and will take place at, or shortly after, Easter. "The Elks" intend presenting a musical carnival at the Russell Theater on a large scale sometime early in May and a great many ladies are interesting themselves in arranging the various dances and figures for it, which promise to be exceedingly picturesque. The many friends of Mrs. Rockliffe Fellowes (*née* Lucille Watson) are looking forward to seeing her "star" in a play at the Russell shortly after Easter, in which she will be assisted by several of our talented amateurs in that line. The play chosen is *Caste*, and will be under the patronage of Lady Laurier, Lady Strong, Lady Davies, Lady Grant, Lady Ritchie, Mrs. John Gilmour, Mrs. C. A. E. Harriss and Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber. A bright little entertainment for girls was given at the tea-hour on Thursday by Miss Alice Bell, at which the Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey were the guests of honor. Mrs. F. B. Wade poured tea and had as "aides" Miss Marion Lindsay, Miss Louie Gemmill and Miss Isobel White. A girls' luncheon in honor of

the same distinguished guests was given by the Misses Lemoine on Friday, when others invited were: Mrs. James Smellie, Mrs. Arthur Price of Quebec, Miss Ritchie, Miss Fitzpatrick, Miss Maud Borden, Miss Marjorie Blair, Miss Burrows, Miss Frances Sullivan of Kingston, Miss Annie McDougall, Miss Edith Tobin and Miss Edith Fielding. Mrs. Ward Hughson also invited a few young people to meet the Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey at a small luncheon on Monday, those who were honored being Miss Jessie Gilmour, Miss Vera Toller, Miss Gemmill, Miss Fielding, Miss Mary Osler and Miss Julia Cayley of Toronto.

Lady Tilley has been a much-feted guest in town for the past week, and on Thursday a charming dinner party was given in her special honor by Mr. and Mrs. John Gilmour. Lady Tilley was also the *raison d'être* of a luncheon earlier in the week, when her sister and hostess, Mrs. Toller, invited several ladies to meet her.

THE CHAPERONE.
Ottawa, April 10, 1905.

An Old-Time Forger.

WE of the present day, when reading of some great swindle, such as the Humbert case, or the Chadwick, at first are possessed with the notion that such crimes are entirely modern, and that generations ago, in the good old days, gigantic swindles were unknown. How this notion comes to be prevalent is difficult to determine,

and we may take it for granted that it is erroneous.

Even in the days when men were hanged for sheep-stealing in England there were schemes hatched for fleecing the public, and hoodwinking banks quite as daring and well executed as any of those of to-day, when criminals get credit for being so much smarter than their prototypes of the past. Take for instance the case of Fauntleroy, the banker of No. 6 Berners street, London, who was hanged in Newgate in the year 1824, for doing the bank of England out of \$2,000,000. In those days of a contracted currency \$2,000,000 cut a bigger figure in the world than \$20,000,000 do nowadays when millionaires in America and England are so common.

This man Fauntleroy, no ancestor, by the bye, of little Lord Fauntleroy, was one of the coolest swindlers who ever forged a name. Compared with him, the modern swindler with all his or her colossal nerve, seems to have no great advantage in the matter of audacity, which was such, that in addition to his forgeries on the Bank of England, he would as a mere side issue forge the name of a man with whom he was conversing in his president's room at his own bank. He would then send it, still wet, into the clerk's room to show that it had just been written by his visitor.

After he was apprehended, a tin box was found among his effects, with a tabulated list of all his frauds, and this formal statement at the bottom of it all: "In order to keep up the credit of our house, I have forged powers of attorney for the above sums and parties, and sold out to the amount here stated, and without the knowledge of my partners. I kept up the payments of dividends, but made no entries of such payments in our books." In an allusion to the Bank of England, Fauntleroy says: "The bank began first to refuse to discount our acceptances, and destroy the credit of our house. The bank shall smart for it." And so the bank did, to the tune of \$400,000.

A cold-blooded and daring swindler was Fauntleroy; perhaps even more so than any of those who brave being found out to-day. He lived in a time when for a crime we would regard as only grand larceny, the penalty was death by hanging.

Fauntleroy forged and forged, putting down each crime on his list, and living high on the fat of the land, in elegance unsurpassed till the day of reckoning came.

No plea for mercy did he make at his trial. His lawyer made only a short and stereotyped defence, and the banker voluntarily stood up to receive his sentence.

It was known that he was an epicure, and his hospitality had won him scores of influential friends. Until the day of his arrest no one among them all doubted his honor; indeed, at his trial sixteen prominent men stood up and vouched for his honor and integrity. But there was no going back on the admissions he himself had made in writing, and the evidence was so strongly brought

forward as to be free from all chance of disputing.

On the day of his execution every window and house roof near Newgate was crowded with fashionably-attired men and women. Seats sold for as much as they did at the Coronation festivities, and window parties were given much as we would give a box party at the opera to-day.

When the sheriffs entered the banker's cell, at a quarter to 8, he lifted his eyes, and bowed sadly, with a quiet dignity. Although a felon, the banker was yet a gentleman. He was dressed in a black coat and trousers, with silk stockings, and dress shoes. He was perfectly calm and composed. The terrible procession formed quickly. Two old friends gave him their arms, and he followed the sheriffs and the chaplain, the ordinary of Newgate. The moment he appeared, every hat was taken off. Two minutes later and his body swayed in the thick November air.

In the year 1837, capital punishment for the crime of forgery was abolished in England.

Of Fauntleroy's last moment the novelist Charles Dickens relates an anecdote. "His elegant dinners had been enriched by some remarkable and matchless curacoa. Three of his boon companions had a parting interview with him in the condemned cell. They were about to retire, when the most impressive of the three stepped forward and said in a confidential manner: "Fauntleroy, you stand on the verge of the grave. Remember the text, my dear man, that we brought nothing into this world, and can take nothing out? Have you any objection, therefore, to tell me now, as a friend, where you got that curacoa?"

Fauntleroy looked for a moment at his old friend quizzically, and then gave him the name of a smuggler in confidence. A villain with a certain code of honor, he made his friend promise to treat the information as a gentleman, and not to give the name of his purveyor away to the authorities.

There were more colossal swindles than this in the days of the South Sea bubble, but they come properly within the category of financial frauds such as those for which Whitaker Wright was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment a year ago. The Fauntleroy crime is more akin to the operations of such minds as guide the hands of Mrs. Chadwick, and is interesting for its very audacity, and from the fact that the banker sat down to his desk, every morning, to carry on a system of fraud which had no effort made to safeguard the person behind it all. Fauntleroy well knew that the gibbet was his goal, and he walked up to it without bravado, but with as little concern as that with which the modern criminal takes his six months' sentence.

A. CHARLES.

Wife—It is so kind of you to put on my boots for me. Kneeling husband (tugging away)—It's a—a—pleasure, my dear. Still I'm glad you're not a centipede.

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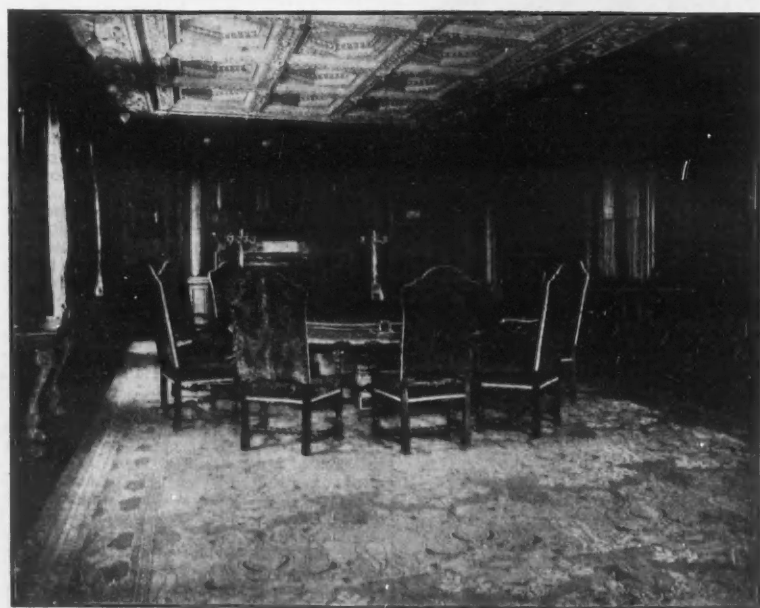
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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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Telephone (Connects with all departments) Main 1700

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Vol. 18. TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL 15, 1905. No. 23.

THE DRAMA



MR. N. C. GOODWIN'S appearance at the Princess the first three nights of this week was not accompanied by crowded houses—yet Mr. Goodwin has little just reason to complain. He opened his engagement with a weak play; he is accompanied by a company possessing no ability above the average—and Mr. Goodwin is so common—not to say gross—in his manner, voice and expression that he can scarcely hope to appeal very strongly to any cultured audience to which he makes his bid. In *The Usurper*—Monday night's bill—the members of the Yankee company playing the parts of English men and women were to be pitied. Not one—possibly the actor who played the villain should be excepted—possessed the remotest idea of the voice, manner or appearance of an English person of either sex. All were Yankees with English names, living in an English house—but creating no more illusion as to what they were than they would have created had they worn nigger minstrel's costumes and make-ups. But the author of the play is quite as guilty as the company. Evidently he knows nothing of the persons and scenes he attempts to handle—or he has purposely translated everything to make the play intelligible to a United-States audience. Played by any company, *The Usurper* would be inartistic and—in spite of that—very likely a failure, but with Mr. Goodwin and company it is grotesque, painful, flat and unprofitable. I laugh even now when I think of a lady of the class to which the heroine is supposed to belong falling in love with the hero as performed by Mr. Goodwin. The thing is too impossible to deserve anything but ridicule. Any lady would as soon fall in love with a stable-boy.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Goodwin appeared as *Beresford Conger* in *An American Citizen*. Mr. Goodwin certainly filled the title rôle and carried out to the life the idea of a common, unfortunately too common, type of our cousins across the border. He was very much Nat Goodwin, in fact Mr. Goodwin in all his parts is always Nat Goodwin, and as the good-hearted New York lawyer abroad amid European surroundings had every opportunity of being distinctly amusing and humorous to a Toronto audience familiar with the character. The broadness of the humor and the crudeness of method were so in harmony not only with the character of the part essayed, but with the apparent personality of Mr. Goodwin that the presentation of the *American Citizen* was unquestionably pleasurable. No impossible alliances were proposed or incongruous situations staged, however inherently improbable the plot may have been. The unobtrusive chivalry of the hastily-married husband who fell in love with his wife, probably as "American" as the crudity of the type in a fashionable European watering-place, and the humorous situations, redeemed *An American Citizen* from being nothing more than a far-fetched plot woven about the lives of crude personalities. Mr. Goodwin as *An American Citizen* may have been what his fellow guests at the Nice hotel where the most amusing scene was laid, would have called "an awful blunder," but he was distinctly entertaining. Miss Ruth Mackay, the suddenly-married wife, was handsome, and her slow method of elocution gave much charm to a very attractive personality.

Superba, the spectacular show, is at the Grand this week with a good deal of new matter. The pantomime is not allowed to get tedious, new sensations cropping up every minute. Several fine tableaux and transformation scenes are very successful. Singing, dancing, conjuring, all have their turn, and, all together, make a very pleasing show. The costumes and scenery are excellent. The part of *Superba* is admirably taken by Pearl Ford. Fred Hanlon is *Pierrot*, and all the others seem to fit in naturally.

There are some very good turns at Shea's this week, one of the best being a sketch presented by W. H. Murphy and Blanche Nichols, entitled *From Zaza to Uncle Tom*. It is distinctly humorous and creates much laughter. The Italian Male Trio have a musical turn that is artistic. Their voices are of considerable power and their songs please. The Duffin Redcap troupe present a very sensational casting act and prove themselves skilled gymnasts. O'Hana San poses in living pictures with Japanese scenery, which, combined with richly colored lights, are very pleasing. Paul Barnes sings and talks in an amusing way. Hayward and Hayward have a singing and dancing act which seems to please. O'Brien and Bickley, whose turn is of rather an offensive nature, and the kinetograph complete the bill.

The story of *By Right of Sword*, which Ralph Stuart produces at the Grand next week, is taken from A. W. Marchmont's stirring novel of the same title. The scenes are laid in Russia, and the plot revolves around the adventures of a young American named Richard Hamilton, who is mistaken for Alexis Petrovitch, lieutenant in the Moscow Hussars. This person is about to quit Russia to avoid a duel with one of the officers of his regiment, Major Devinski, and other complications resulting from his clandestine love-affair with the wife of the chief of secret police, his membership in a Nihilist society, and numerous debts. But it happens that he has a very pretty and spirited sister, for whose sake the young American consents to masquerade as Alexis Petrovitch, until he can escape beyond the borders of the Czar's land. Thereupon ensues a series of adventures, as surprising to the friends of Alexis Petrovitch as to the young American who impersonates him. Instead of being a coward, as has been suspected, the new Petrovitch proves to be a regular dare-devil, and a champion with the sword. Becoming cognizant of a plot to kill the Czar by derailing the Imperial train on its way from St. Petersburg to Moscow, he manages to effect a rescue, and in the end quits Russia with decorations galore, and Olga



FORDING THE YANA RIVER IN SIBERIA ON REINDEER.

Petrovitch as wife instead of sister. Mr. Stuart produced this play last season on the Pacific coast with success, which was recently duplicated at the American Theater, New York, where he made the splendid scenic production he now carries.

The Wizard of Oz, with Montgomery and Stone, is sure of an overflowing house here next Monday night at the Princess, when the romping, rollicking fun of the extravaganza promises incessant mirth. *The Wizard of Oz* is farcical and extravagant in the extreme, but it affords abundant scope for excellent work on the part of this clever company. The pleasure excited by this exhilarating show, with its hearty fun, its glittering pageantry, its legion of pretty girls and its jingling music, is indubitable. Fred Stone's *Scarecrow* is the chief wonder of the production. Montgomery, as the *Tin Woodman*, is equally mirth-provoking, and the best number in the score. *When you Love, Love, Love*, is sung with a mock sentimentality that is irresistible. There is also little Dorothy, charming because of her apparent artlessness and ingenuousness; the *Lady Llanthorn*, who is one of the artistic hits of the play; the *Fairy Queen*, who wears her diaphanous garments with a modesty that is rare in spectacles where feminine charm predominates; and the gallant and picturesque *Post Prince*. It is worth reminding prospective visitors to *The Wizard of Oz* that the curtain rises punctually at eight o'clock. This is made necessary because of the numerous encores.

Albert Chevalier, who is most widely known as a singer of Coster songs, will be at Shea's Theater on Monday, and it is said will receive the highest salary every paid to a single performer on any stage. No matter how *blasé* you are, how surfeited with stage emotion, how weary of the efforts of persons theatrical to convince you that things false are things genuine, if you can hear Chevalier tell about his "dear old Dutch" without your throat contracting upon that troublesome lump that tells you that the strings of human emotion have been swept by a master hand, why there must be something queer about you, that's all. Great emotional power is the rarest thing in the world of vaudeville. Nothing could be better than his presentation of the humor of the coster, but what raises him above his rivals so that there is really little comparison between him and them is his ability to touch the heart. There is only one Chevalier. There will be a number of other splendid acts on the bill, including Cliff Gordon, the German politician; Hill and Whitaker, in song and music; the Fitzgibbons, McCoy Trio in a roaring comedy sketch; Terley in a decided novelty; LeRoy and Woodford in a singing and talking act; the Three Tasmanians, beautiful acrobats; Rose Aguinaldo, gymnast, and the kinetograph with new pictures.

A genuine treat in dramatic offerings will be the return here of that universal favorite, the quaint comedian, Mr. Reuben Fax, in Kirke La Shelle's production of *The Bonnie Brier Bush*, which comes to the Grand Opera House Easter

week. Mr. Fax, who is well known and closely identified with this play, continues as the jolly postman, *Archibald McKittick*. His dry wit and sparkling epigrams afford a welcome relief from the serious portions of the play. The scenic enframement is the same beautiful representation of Scotch glens and cottages seen here before, and were painted from photographs and sketches of the exact locality from which the stories were taken. The company is composed of players of prominence and will include many who have been identified with the cast ever since the first production. Among them are Irma la Pierre, Robert C. Easton, Louise Rutter, F. Elliott Jenkins, Adelaide Cumming, Carlyle Moore, Edith Talbot, J. Palmer Collins, M. D. Stepper and William Hall.

New York Letter.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

THEATRICAL business, along with gas and other lighting monopolies, has come under the searchlight during the past week, and beneath all that is fair and lovely, as we behold it from our orchestra chair, have been disclosed business methods that differ in no wise from the operations of Standard Oil or a Beef Trust. How anything so fair may grow from so foul a heap, the kind agencies that make for beauty, in art as in nature, alone can tell.

Mr. Belasco, as one of the most successful independent producers and playwrights in the country, has probably been singled out for attack as no other man connected with theatrical enterprises. But Mr. Belasco, along with his sensitiveness and genuinely artistic conscience, is a plucky, indomitable fighter, and quite able to take care of himself even against a combine.

Without taking sides with either of the litigants in the suit now pending, some of the evidence already given is a curious commentary on our boasted liberty. For instance, "When I told him (member of the combine) I would give him 20 per cent. of the profits, my answer was, 'D— your 20 per cent.' You have been working for Charlie Frohman, and he has robbed you; he has treated you like a dog. You come to us or we will crush you so that we will compel you to live on the streets."

Still, neither of the conspicuous independents, Mr. Belasco or Mrs. Fiske, has been living on the streets this winter. In fact, it is many a season since such a success as Belasco's *Music Master* production, or Mrs. Fiske's *Leah Kleschna*, has been recorded in theatrical annals.

The *Education of Mr. Pipp* has gone along with marked success, and the dear old gentleman will soon have finished his undergraduate course with high honors. The question now is whether he shall take his post-graduate in New York or submit himself to the broader cosmopolitanism of the road.

Writing dramas from novels has long been our pastime,



POOR BEGGAR!

Bear—Oh, I say, ma'am, don't be so hard—
Madame La France—Sorry—but not another penny!—Punch.

and the art may be said to have reached its limit. But the more novel experiment of writing a drama within the prescribed limits of certain drawings, called for no little ingenuity on the part of the playwright. Less, perhaps, than if the habit of writing within the prescribed limits of certain actors and actresses had not already obtained hereabout, and its successful accomplishment prepared the way for the further employment of this unique art. However, the experiment has been altogether successful in Mr. Pipp's case, and Mr. Augustus Thomas in restoring these famous Gibson drawings to flesh and blood, has created real comedy characters, placed them in natural comedy situations, and given them many witty things to say to one another and to us.

Gibson may be "out of drawing" or not, just as you like, but in Mr. Thomas' comedy sketches, the spirit of these drawings is delightfully translated, and the lines of the artist's humor deliciously preserved. In spite of their vulgarity, these people have an undoubted "air," wherein the artist has probably communicated something of himself to his work, and this "air" happily pervades the comedy and the performance.

Consolidation has "enabled" Mr. Pipp to retire from active business with twice the value of his steel works in "preferred" at 7 per cent., and a like amount in "common" at four. Leaving Pittsburgh, the family come to New York and take up "house"—a distinction not to be overlooked in a city of flats. Here we find poor Mr. Pipp, after a life of activity, beginning as a "puddler," with nothing better to do than take his dog for a walk and "dress" for dinner. His education has not proceeded far, for he still addresses his butler as "Mister."

Then Mrs. Pipp decides on the inevitable trip to Europe. Of Mrs. Pipp's plans, Mr. Pipp is, of course, advised in due time, Mr. Pipp acquiescing in this with the same meekness that he has heretofore shown toward his wife's dinner-party arrangements.

It is, of course, quite conceivable that in a republic of such infinite possibilities as this, there will be dukes in disguise and disguises in dukes. The curious reflection is that the disguise of either is so possible.

In Mr. Pipp's, or rather Mrs. Pipp's, circle we find both. Miss Pipp's heart happens to be going out to one of the former, at present employed as a teacher in Durland Riding Academy. "Always fond of horses, you know; chucked a commission in the Guards to save the impoverished family purse," and all that. This, of course, known only to ourselves, not to the Pipp's.

The mother's ambitions, however, are headed in the direction of the (bogus) French count, whom we find at the opening of the play teaching French in the household, and later acting as courier in the European travels. This count turns out to be a very bad fellow indeed, member of a notorious swindling gang, and in the last act we have the satisfaction of seeing him and his pals successfully rounded up, while attempting to carry off a diamond necklace. The count had even plotted to poison the unoffending Pipp on the chance of marrying his rich widow.

This at first all proves a terrible shock to Mrs. Pipp's ambitions. But everything comes out all right in the end, as it should in comedy, and if the count has proved bogus, the riding teacher turns out to be the "real thing," and Miss Pipp, with money enough to restore its fallen splendor, is soon to become Lady Fitzmaurice of Carony Castle.

Digby Bell as Mr. Pipp is very happily placed, and manages to extract a "countful" flow of humor from the part. He occasionally falls into comic opera excesses, but on the whole manages to keep Mr. Pipp well before him, and give an artistic rendering of the meek but kindly little old gentleman, who is so obviously misplaced and out of his native environment.

What that infinitely "droll" comedian, Mr. Stuart Robson, for whom the part was being written at the time of his death, would have done, is quite another matter. But Digby Bell does his best to fill the gap, and while the mental contrast is unavoidable, one who had not known Stuart Robson would probably ask nothing better than the present characterization, with its more capacious, if less subtle, humor.

Altogether the comedy is a jolly caricature, conceived in the kindest vein of humor, of the social ambitions of a certain class, seen under conditions that lend themselves so agreeably to caricature. And the healthy sign is that "American" writers are alive to the humor of their own countrymen's tendencies.

I believe it was Mr. Frohman the other day, who said that in future he would not put on any plays that made fun of "Americans." This may have been an excess of patriotism of his own, or simply a business man's appreciation of an irrational sensitiveness that is prevalent among certain classes of "Americans"—though his exposure of this immaturity seems a rather doubtful service to their feelings. When people are unable to take themselves humorously—well, their condition is both touching and painful.

Such a condition, fortunately, is not universal, for *The Education of Mr. Pipp* is enjoyed mightily, night after night, and has an undoubted popularity, social and otherwise.

But if further proof were needed, we have had it this week in the *Case of Frenzied Finance*—a play in quite a different key, but equally satirical of the types that come under its notice.

The scene of the farce is the Van Billion Hotel, New York, that among other extravaganzas in furnishing boasts a sixteen-thousand-dollar bed in its bridal suite. It also owns a very precocious bell-boy, who shows ambitions curiously like those of the wealthy guests he serves. In his own words, or the author's, he has "caught the spirit of the times," but finds that selling fake souvenirs of the Van Billion at a dollar apiece is "business" on too small a scale to be respectable. He has overheard a confidential "tip" the night before, and to-day—his day—profiting by the bibulous condition of one of the guests, whose identity he confuses with the Copper King of the same name, "orders" heavy in his name all morning, and at two o'clock "sells" with a clear margin of a million as the day's earnings. Who the million belongs to is not quite clear until Western justice, in the shape of the real Copper King, who has just arrived, and his friend, *Bat*, decide in the boy's favor, notwithstanding that the broker, unwittingly, of course, has taken all the risk, and *Johnson's* name furnished the credit.

The bibulous namesake of *Johnson*, who proves to be a funeral director in Yonkers, supplies the elements of comedy and the daughter of the Copper King adds the love interest. Her the ex-bell-boy captures along with the million, and so ends the case of frenzied drama.

Other characters are the smooth proprietor, a hotel-clerk, and curiosity seekers—"rubber-necks," the bell-boy calls them, "the kind that will crawl through a coal-hole to see a wedding." Altogether a poor class of patrons, one would say, for the Van Billion, but therein is shown the author's satirical purpose, and the loud mirth in which the play was received is abundant evidence of the popularity of the note it struck.

Quite different from Mr. Pipp, as you see, but not unlike in its satirical intention toward "American" weaknesses.

J. E. W.

A Royal Brewery

The Royal Family of Bavaria have from time immemorial been known to fame as the principal brewers of all Germany. The famous Hofbrau house, or Royal brewery, was established in September, 1589, by Duke William of Bavaria, and has become one of the national institutions of the country. No one who has not been in Munich can form any idea of the grim, dingy tavern in which the Royal Court beer has been sold at retail for the last three hundred years, and which forms part of the ancient Palace of the Duke of Bavaria. There are no waiters or waitresses, everybody being expected to attend to his own wants, and on the occasion of the Kaiser's visits to Munich he, together with the Bavarian Princes who happen to be escorting him, take their place in line, and await their turn for a stone mug, which, in accordance with the time-honored custom of the place, they themselves rinse in the tank before again forming in line for the purpose of having their mugs filled. As soon as their mugs are filled Kaiser and Princes sit down at the rough deal tables, which have done service from time immemorial, and purchase from the perambulating vendors slices of Wurst and Schwarzbrot. It may surprise many that great personages should be ready to put up with so much discomfort for the sake of a mere mug of beer. A draught of the latter is all that is required by way of explanation. The beer is truly Royal, and in every way worthy of the ancient dynasty of Wittelsbach, which produces it. Nowhere else in the world is it possible to obtain such beer, the recipe for which was obtained by the dual founder of the brewery three centuries ago from the famous brewer Degerberg, and has been kept as a state secret by the Sovereign House of Bavaria ever since.

Knicker—Didn't the doctor build you up? Bocher—Yes; but he seems to think he built a bank!

A Tide of Affairs.

HERE was a "jam" at the High Falls of the Madawaska, and the biggest drive of logs that Dugald McLellan, the lumber king of the waters of the Upper Ottawa, had ever brought down the turbulent tributary of the great northern river was held up and the comparatively small output of his ambitious rival, who owned a half-depleted limit midway in the river's course, was being rushed down upon them as fast as the inspired energy of competition-loving rivermen and a surging stream could float it.

Neil McLean, the foreman of the greatest drive his chief, Dugald McLellan, had ever attempted to market, knew with Scotch-Canadian shrewdness what it all meant. The battles between the two big rival lumbermen of the waters of the Ottawa had been fought out on every stream where either floated a log. For years litigation had been going on in every court of jurisdiction in Ontario, and appeals on ancient lawsuits were ever pending in the Supreme Court of Canada and in the Privy Council of the Empire. Away in the back woods of Canada, around the camboose of the lumber shanties, in the bar-rooms of the lower towns of Ottawa and Quebec and in the midst of the raging rapids of unmapped rivers the fierce rivalry was discussed or debated with force of fist or corked boot by the retainers of the respective "concerns." And McLean knew that his chief's rival had bought the almost barren timber limit on the Madawaska for the purpose of embarrassing his chief on a stream that had for years been considered particularly his own.

"He is going to carry the war into Africa," said McLean, grimly, that winter, when he heard of the active operations of his employer's enemies farther down the stream. "He'll try and mix us up in the spring." And he imparted some of his indomitable fighting spirit to the men under him, scattered throughout the limit.

Never had men worked in the lumber woods of Canada as Dugald McLellan's men worked that winter under the pressure of Neil McLean's strong hand and the promised bonus from the firm's agent from Ottawa, who, recognizing the seriousness of the situation, had made a special visit of inspection during the winter.

Before the first movement of the ice-bound river in the spring, the great drive of logs was lying on its surface or the little streams leading to it, ready for its onward rush to the great Ottawa, where it was to be "cribbed" for Quebec.

"Aye, lads," said McLean, relaxing his usual taciturn manner as he saw the last log go trundling down a railway into the river and through the softening ice, "she'll move out in a day or two and we'll go swinging past the Gordons before a single stick of their timber is out of the creeks."

It was as McLean said, and fierce were the exultant yells of the McLellan men bringing up the rear of the great drive as they saw their rivals directing the beginning of the movement of the Gordon output.

"We're a good three days ahead," said McLean that night, "and we'll keep it. They want to get mixed up with us and



Grant stood erect in the midst of the crushing logs.

hold the biggest drive ever put out by a single firm by some law-paper or other, and make us lose the season's market. A bad jam with a drive this size is the only thing that can hold us." And that night he was awakened from sleep in the camp at the tail of the drive by a message that a bad jam had occurred at the High Falls, several miles below, one of the worst spots on the raging river.

All that night, the next day, and the following night, he superintended the ceaseless efforts to free the enormous, fast-increasing jam above the roaring torrent, but all the skill and dynamite of the daring rivermen, who took it as part of their daily task to risk their lives in their chief's interests, were of no avail, and the key-log held firm and the beginning of the Gordon drive was only a few miles away, rushing on to confusion with the great output of McLellan.

Late that afternoon McLean, with the skill begotten of years of river-driving, had at last discovered the key-log, the one log which, if loosened, would release the thousands above it and clear the jam in a few minutes, and set the drive rushing through the falls onward to the Ottawa. Held exactly in the center by a jutting point of rock from the bottom of the rushing river, it was impossible to place dynamite effectively. It would have to be cut with an axe, and well the veteran river-driver knew the awful risk to the axeman. He, with muscles stiffened by years of toil in forest and stream, knew that it meant death to him. It was only for the most active and daring to attempt and then at tremendous risk. He knew that the solvency of his chief depended upon the quick marketing of this great output of timber, and that the occasion was the great opportunity of his rival to tie by injunction the product of a season's work, and next morning, as his men were starting from camp on their apparently hopeless task, he called them about him.

"You all know where the key-log is, lads," said he quietly, "and I think I can promise for the concern that the season's pay will be doubled for the man who cuts that log. I'm too old or I'd do it myself. You know the chances, and for my part I'd give anything to the man who cuts it, and he'll deserve it."

There was a movement in the crowd of athletic rivermen as they hung back from volunteering for a task that promised almost certain death, then a young shantymen came bashfully forward.

"I don't give a d— what the concern will give, Neil McLean," said he slowly, his reckless eyes looking straight into his foreman's face, "but will you give me anything I ask?"

There was a fierce battle in the old Scotch-Canadian's heart for a minute. He knew Ronald Grant as the most roystering, devil-may-care river-driver in the Ottawa valley, whose good-hearted straightforwardness did not compensate for the risk a girl would take in consenting to be his wife. He knew that it was Jeanie's hand in marriage that young Grant meant, and the struggle between his duty to his employer and his daughter's welfare was a bitter one. The interests of his chief won, for the Scotch-Canadian lumberman has many of the characteristics of the clansman of old.

He and Grant shook hands quietly, for they belonged to a slow-speaking race, and half-an-hour later those in the neighborhood of a high rock overhanging the High Falls of the Madawaska could hear above the crashing of the timbers as the great jam broke through the foaming waters of the rocky defile, and their eyes strained in watching the strong, athletic figure of Grant standing erect with balanced pole in the midst of the crushing logs, a fierce yell of triumph from the white lips of the foreman:

"My God! Jeanie, ye've got a fine man and we've beaten the Gordons."

So They Called Her Mary.

"Yes," said the lady of the house, "your references are satisfactory, and I think you will suit me. By the way, your name strikes me as a little romantic for a housemaid. You don't insist on being called Daphne, I hope? I have a good many young men boarders, and that sort of thing would be likely to create frivolity. You don't mind if we call you by your surname?" "Not at all, ma'am," said the neat little applicant. "Very well. What is it?" "Darling, ma'am."



Curious-looking individual on screw—I've seen the fox! I've seen the fox! He's gone back into the wood! Huntsman (with withering scorn)—Must 'ave seen you, I suppose!—Punch.

Anglesey's Deathbed.

OF all the comments on the life and death of the spendthrift young Marquis of Anglesey, which took place recently at Monte Carlo, none is more bitter or more grim than the brief announcement that almost his very deathbed was surrounded by hordes of hungry creditors, each waiting for the moment to come when the dying nobleman should breathe his last in order to grab a share of the paltry personal effects which the bankrupt had saved from the wreck of his fortunes. All else was gone. A fortune of nearly \$3,000,000 had been squandered in less than six years, and the Marquis shared the general wonder as to what on earth he had done with it. His annual income of \$500,000 also had been swallowed up. That is to say, though it had been placed in the hands of a trustee for the benefit of his creditors, it was far from satisfying their demands. The Marquis was permitted to keep a few personal trinkets with his personal wardrobe and furnishings, and was allowed an income of \$12,000 a year out of the estate. It was to gather in such fragments of the wreck as might be valuable as souvenirs, if not from an intrinsic standpoint, that creditors from all over Europe swarmed to the deathbed.

The scene was all the more pitiful because the very utmost that could be gained by such an extraordinary gathering was so trivial in comparison with the actual amounts involved. For the creditors will be heavy losers. The estate was largely entailed, and in the case of many of the loans the lenders could only count on the young Marquis enjoying their claims. It was a chance they took, and with his death the chance has turned definitely and finally against them; for these claims existed only as against the living man and not against the estate, which he was powerless to dispose of in any way.

Some may have been farsighted or lucky enough to offset their losses to a certain extent through insurance policies taken out on his life. Such a precaution often is taken to protect large loans, and it is a well-known fact that London tradesmen insured King Edward's life for hundreds of thousands of dollars the year of his coronation, in order to protect themselves against the large outlay they contemplated in anticipation of enormous crowds and an unusually brilliant and extravagant season. But Anglesey never had been what insurance men call a good risk. It had been known for years past that he was troubled with pulmonary weakness, and the notoriety which attended his career of eccentricity and dissipation, coming on top of this fact, was enough to make premiums on any insurance in his case almost prohibitive.

So it was that men who had gambled on his life came hundreds of miles to get the last few pennies they could find on his dead body. So it was that even his deathbed proved as unnatural and unique as the rest of his career.

"Don't you think the custom of throwing rice at a newly-married couple is idiotic?" asked the fluffy-haired maid. "Sure," answered the savage old bachelor. "Mush would be a great deal more appropriate."

"Bridget," Mrs. Hiram called from the foot of the stairs, "how about breakfast?" "Oh," replied the new servant, who had overslept herself, "ye naden't trouble to bring me anny. I ain't very hungry this mornin'."

Random Shots.

A SECOND JOHN THE BAPTIST.

("I may be in advance of my times, but, gentlemen, there has always to be a John the Baptist in politics."—W. F. Maclean, M.P., at the Tory banquet in Toronto Junction, March 31.)

The voice of one heard crying,
Far in the wilderness,
"Prepare the way, ye people,
I come to give redress."
A second John the Baptist
With wickedness to war—
Make way, make way, policemen,
Here comes his motor-car!

A camel's hair his clothing,
A girdle round his loins,
A locust-honey diet,
A fine contempt for coins—
This was the first fore-runner,
His was a backward age;
His speech never figured
In leaded type—front page.

"But after me there cometh
A man preferred to me—
The latchet of whose sandals
I am not fit to free."
So spake of old the prophet,
In faith he was not vain—
But whom doth John the Second
Prefer to one Maclean?

The voice of one heard crying
In wildernesses drear—
"You want a man to cheer for—
Hurrah! for I am here."
What is it—vain ambition,
Or place or power or self—
Inspires this John the Baptist,
Fore-runner of himself?

A SPRING REMEDY.

When you feel it o'er you stealing
In the spring—that tired feeling
And you want some hearty exercise to make your bad blood rich,
Join the Russians—I assure you
Nothing more you'll need to cure you
After going down the line with Linevitch.

"Father, what's a chafing-dish party?"
"Well, son, it's something like a mixed-ale party, only when it's over they send for the doctor instead of the police."

Mrs. Wellredd—Did you visit the catacombs while in Rome? Mrs. Nooritch—No; we called on no one of that name. We met very few people, in fact.

"What is your idea of an optimist?" "Well, an optimist is a man who is too kindhearted to discourage other people."



THE MODERN DELILAH.

The Watch.

MY friend Oliver Thomson Windall considers himself somewhat of an amateur detective. He can talk learnedly of reasoning by deduction, following a clue, and on the first principles to be observed in detecting crime. Yet with all his knowledge he had overlooked a fact which—so patent was it to the commonest and most slovenly observer—even I had long since observed.

One evening, when the wind was doing its best to tear the slates from the roof, and the rain was making a fair imitation of the deluge in the street, Oliver Thomson Windall entered my room.

Shedding his raincoat, he drew a chair up to the fire, and, as was usual, we drifted in to talk on things in general. "Forbes," he said at last, "have you read *The Sign of the Four*?"

I admitted that I had not.

"It is a rattling good detective story," he continued. "You know I am somewhat of a dabbler in the detection of crime myself."

I nodded. My pipe was drawing well and my legs were hoisted to a comfortable angle against the chimney-piece.

"There is an incident in that yarn about telling something of a man's history from his watch," Windall went on to say. "A clever piece of deduction. Let me see yours. I bet I can make something out of it."

I pulled my watch from my pocket. It was an old, thin key-winder with a gold case. I did not carry it on a chain, but on a fob. I handed it over to Windall, who examined the case closely, and then opening the back, proceeded to examine the works and lid with a magnifying glass that he had drawn from his pocket. After his scrutiny had lasted for about half a minute he shut the watch-case with a snap and handed it back to me.

"You had it cleaned recently," he remarked.

"Yes," I said, "within two weeks. But that is easily seen."

"That's not it," he continued. "Much valuable data has been removed."

I must have smiled at this, for he looked somewhat nettled.

"Very much has been removed," he went on. "Sufficient data remains, however, for me to draw several deductions. In the first place, you inherited this watch from your father. He was somewhat of a careless man. Pardon me if I pain you, but I am merely translating what the watch says to me. He was either very nervous or sometimes took more—more—too many stimulants. He had travelled in France, and at one time, after the purchase of the watch, while travelling in Germany, he required money somewhat hurriedly. I think that is about all."

I brought my feet off the mantel and sat up. "Windall," I said, "Windall, you are a wonder. How did you deduce all that? Did you get it all from that watch?"

"All," he replied modestly. "You see, I reasoned it out in this way. The watch is old and has the monogram 'M. F.' on the back. Your name is Forbes. What more likely than the watch having belonged to your father. There are sundry bumps and dents on the back of the watch which could only have been made by a careless person. The watch is not an Ingersoll. You are one of the most careful of men. It could not, therefore, be you. The keyhole shows many minute scratches. They were made by an unsteady hand. The watch is a French watch; witness the motto inside, 'Le Roy à Paris.' Therefore your father must have traveled in France. As for the money and Germany, there is a number scratched on the inside of the lid, followed by two German letters. That number was made by a German pawnbroker."

Here Windall paused and gazed at me triumphantly.

"Windall," I said, "it is neat, very neat. But let me tell you the true history of that watch. In the first place, my father never saw it. His initials were 'T. T.' Secondly, the lumps and bruises on the case were made by me, no matter how careful you consider I am. I wear the watch in the fob-pocket of my trousers, and forget all about it when undressing at night until it flies out on to the floor. As for the keyhole scratches, the former owner of the watch, who, by the way, was no relative of mine, had a mutilated left hand. I knew him very well, and have often seen him winding up this watch. He would hold it in his left hand and insert the key with his right. Sometimes the watch would slip sideways and the key would score the gold surface in the way you see it. The man who owned the watch was never out of America. He bought the watch from a maker who imported his goods. The number scratched on the inside of the lid was made very recently. In fact it was done by the jeweler who cleaned the watch and who happened to be a German. What! Going so soon?"

As he clattered down stairs I chuckled inwardly. "Marvelous deduction!" I said to myself. "It may be well to note the fact, however, that I do not own this watch. It was lent to me by the jeweler who is repairing my timepiece."

D. HALLAM.

A Detail of the Day.

IT was a balmy Saturday morning in April and it seemed as if all the world was glad, the city of Toronto included. The grass in Queen's Park was looking greener than the new members, the flowers were sending forth shoots, and the little birds were twittering in the bare branches of the trees—in fact every prospect was springlike and pleasing, and only man was chewing the rag. Away down at the City Hall, where that noble pile of stone, paid for by the proletariat, looks majestically down upon the mean and scrubby structures of Bay street, there was hurrying to and fro and mounting the elevator in hot haste.

There was but one name on the lips of irate citizens as they trod the sacred boards of the municipal buildings. The man from Isabella street collided with the man from Crescent road, and all that they gasped was "Fleming!"

"We heard he was here," said the Isabella man; "he isn't at the railway offices. Look here, what does he mean by not stopping at our corner?"

"It's an unspeakable outrage," continued the Crescent citizen; "three cars passed me this morning, and I'd like to know what they're running for. We all thought that when Fleming was managing the cars, we'd have a little suburb of paradise in Toronto. And now he's cutting off the best citizens from the use of the cars. I know what I'll do," he announced triumphantly. "I'll talk!"

"Just wait till I catch Fleming," said he of Isabella street. "I'll do it, even if I have to go to church to-morrow to find him. He needs to hear a few things."

But, when last reported, the man from the Crescent was still walking, and the other one had failed to "meet Fleming."

CANADIAN.

Rider Haggard's Looks Belie Him.

From his personal appearance the casual observer would never pick out Mr. Haggard as a man from whose brain had emanated the wild, weird, far-fetched imaginings that are parts of some of his works. He looks like a typical English country gentleman, whose mental trend is in the line of things practical rather than fanciful. Until he speaks, he might be taken for a mere gentleman farmer, devoted to crops and cattle-breeding. But this impression vanishes when he speaks. His voice is exceedingly pleasing, rich and musical in quality, and his words are uttered in the quiet, easy cultured tones that bespeak a man of high breeding and education. And occasionally in the expression of his grey eyes the close observer can catch a glimpse of the dreamer. The truth is that both impressions are correct. Mr. Haggard is both a dreamer and a matter-of-fact man of affairs. The creator of *Jess* and *Allan Quartermain* and *The Witch's Head* is also a practical farmer. It is an evidence of the confidence reposed in his hard common sense and sound judgment that he has been commissioned to visit the United States to make certain important investigations.

Pessimism About Africa.

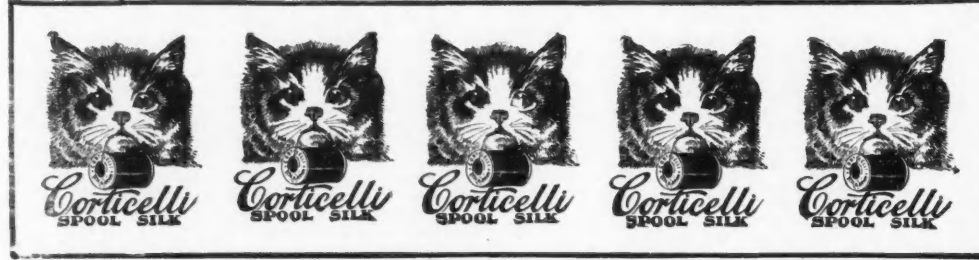
Africa in the end will be a black man's country. It is merely a mining country now, and probably it will remain a mining country, and if we go on attacking the black man, in the end he will be stronger than we are. I believe the time is coming when the last white man will leave these shores, and that will be the end of the white man in this country; and then this will be again, as it was for centuries, a black man's country.—Dr. Carl Peters in *Cape Times*.



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A Unique Art Exhibit.

Art connoisseurs, and lovers of the beautiful generally, will be interested in the fact that there are at present on view in Toronto two of the finest pieces of tapestry work ever exhibited in this country. It goes without saying that these works of art are the product of France, for it is there that tapestry-weaving has attained its highest excellence. It is something for Torontonians to be proud of, that this city should be the home of a firm enterprising enough and sufficiently awake to the growth in artistic tendencies of our country, to purchase two such valuable tapestries as the pair which have recently been imported by the T. Eaton Company, and which are now on view in their drapery department on the third floor of the big Yonge-street establishment. It is seldom that anything so fine in tapestry work is seen on this side of the Atlantic, and it is safe to say that these two pieces are the finest productions of their kind in Canada to-day. To those who are posted on the subject it is sufficient to mention that they are of "Aubusson" manufacture, to ensure a realization of their great value; the Aubusson process being identically the same as that of the world-famous "Gobelins," the only difference being that the latter is under the supervision of the French Government, whereas the Aubusson works are a private enterprise.

A short description of the two tapestries now on view in this city may be of interest to those of our readers who are interested in art in its various phases. The larger, and more valuable, is entitled "Diana Resting," a beautiful mythological subject, treated in a manner worthy of the theme. Diana, the Goddess of the Chase, is represented as taking her ease in some favorite woodland haunt, surrounded by a group of her followers. The glade represented as a background for these figures is about as perfect a reproduction of nature as could well be imagined; and the figures themselves stand out, lifelike and beautiful. It is a subject well liked by painters and no new one in art, but it is seldom that it is so artistically and successfully treated as in the instance of this magnificent tapestry. Some idea of the work entailed in a production of this kind may be derived from the information that it took five of the concern's best workmen eight months to complete this one panel—doing nothing else. It is, of course, all hand-made, and those who have ever

visited Paris and seen any of this kind of work in progress, can readily understand from the minuteness of detail which the work requires, the valuation of this panel at \$3,000, that being the price at which this masterpiece is now offered for sale. This piece is 10 feet 9 inches in width and 8 feet high.

The second of these two tapestries, entitled "Capitaine Fracasse," represents an episode taken from the *Romanesque of Theophile Gautier*—a troop of comedians caught in a snow storm. This one is somewhat smaller than the first (9 feet 7 inches in width and 6 feet 3 inches high), and this, together with the fact that its production required less careful treatment than the former, makes it somewhat less expensive. It is offered for sale at \$1,300. This is, nevertheless, an important work of art, and took three of the best of the Aubusson workmen six months to complete. The snow storm is most realistically depicted, and the idea of incongruity arising from the situation of a group of play-actors in gaudy, flimsy costume, in a bleak countryside, during a snow storm, is most forcibly conveyed.

There are no duplicates of either of these tapestries on the market, nor will there be, as the workmanship in this class of work has so increased that to execute either of these panels to-day would cost fully one-half more. "Diana Resting" was executed in the year 1896, and "Capitaine Fracasse" was completed in 1900. Neither of these tapestries has ever previously been shown outside France; and the purchase by which Canadians are enabled to inspect them is strong evidence of the enterprise of the firm whose property they now are.

Little Thinks.

Where there's a will there's a way.
Words on the weather flock together.
Life is a hurdle-race in which many people jump at conclusions.

A man is judged by the company he keeps and the cigar he gives away.
Do not emphasize your own virtues by enlarging on the failings of others.

A fool is generally a person who detects your faults while you are in the act of calling attention to his own.

We can help to make people bright by our keenness, but we can never accomplish anything towards making people good except by our tenderness.

Never look a gift motor-car in the cylinder.



LADY GAY'S COLUMN

WHEN this column first began, some fourteen years ago (how time flies, and how we stand the weather!) a timid assistant editor, one of the nice boys you read about, but seldom meet, brought me in a fat package, and a little note from a lady. The lady had written the fat package, and the note began "Dear Sir," and begged a careful reading of the fat package, some four hundred pages, with a view to its purchase by the dear Sir, and its subsequent insertion as a serial in this paper. The way I said "Oh, no!" made the timid assistant editor look six ways for Sunday, and he immediately vanished down stairs, and deposited the fat package on a certain desk where it laid and laid, and taking on a nice creamy complexion, like antique lace, until one day it came back to another assistant editor who did it up with remarks calculated to turn it white again, and dropped it in the mail basket, "returned with thanks." In hours of solitary pain and meditation I am sometimes haunted by that unopened fat package. It might have been one of the many "good ones," to whom this paper gave their first push into print. They are quite an honor roll, and some day I'll hunt them and their firstlings up and talk about them.

It was about twice fourteen years ago that I brought a fat package with secrecy and care to Toronto. The very thought of that fat package raises a grin upon my features. It had achieved every banality; it was written on lines, sometimes blue, sometimes of that dim grey which told of a foolish virgin whose ink-well had gone thick and been thinned from a water-jug. The writing was giggling, pointed, affected, (the grin almost becomes a blush at memory of it). It was, Oh whisper! tied with blue ribbons! I cannot grin at the blue ribbons, but I remember hesitating between colors. Red looked too legal, pink too frivolous, white seemed a bit ghastly, and blue seemed the only choice. I wonder I didn't think of green—that would surely have brought luck. When I and my package got to Toronto I wasn't impressed with this town; I recollect that the rain was busy and the roads in a receptive mood. I lost a rubber before I had made fifty yards from the old depot. I knew two or three people here, and had one pledged to see me and my big package safe up many dusty, cobwebby stairs to the den of a firm of publishers in York street. Not for me the weary suspense of the twopenny halpenny post. The man must know his own mind in three days and be prepared to say aye or no to me, or I'd go back home and take my blue ribbon package with me. I told him so with the naive valor of the utterly unformed, and he was vastly amused. "Is it a love tale?" he said, with a twinkle in his eye. I looked at him sternly; the package was a serious matter. He begged pardon, and asked to look it over. The friend and I withdrew to a dusty, cobweb-hung window and gazed down at filthy York street, glimmering in puddles and deserted of mankind.

The man took out a knife to cut the blue ribbons, then changed his mind and delicately, with very grimy fingers, picked open my dainty bow-knots. If he had cut those ribbons I fear I should have assaulted him. He glanced through the close-written pages here and there. There were no rules about typewritten "manuscript" in those days. He began to read a funny bit; he smiled; how I loved him for that smile! Then he looked up at me. My face was so expressive that he who ran might read its radiance. (No one need tell me anything of trembling authors and their spasms, for

in that half-hour I ran the scales from despair to hope.) When he laid down the last word from the package, he looked so benignant and brotherly and lovely, all dusty and small and careworn as he was, that I dashed over to him joyously. "Oh, will it do?" I gasped. "For what?" he said benevolently. "For printing," I faltered. "Tell me right out truly, will it do?" I shall never forget the joyous moment that followed. "Well, I'll talk to my brother about it," he said genially. "But judging from a very cursory inspection, I think it will. You have some very poetic little descriptions of scenery, and there's some smart humor in it." "And don't you like her?" I said blankly. The scenery and the humor were not what made my package so precious to me. "The heroine," said the little man; "Oh, yes!" And then we went away. I was somewhat consoled by my friend, the best, most tender and patient of friends (may the angels be his waiting-maids where he has gone!) for the little man's coldness over my heroine, and in three days, sure enough, I received the glorious news that she was good enough for printing!

I went home, as Paddy says, "on me cork legs," not feeling the earth that I touched, and at once proceeded to burn every scrap of writing in connection with the fat package. I dreamed every night of my secret, and the days were golden days. No one but the grimy little man and his brother, the mysterious printers, the good friend and myself were to know a thing about my work until it began its course as a serial in a monthly publication. There was a mention of small remuneration, but I've even forgotten what, or when it was to be paid. Ah, la, la! Lady Gay had a run for her money that time. For hours in some piney nook she would sit singing, or lying on the grass, dreaming of success, fame, glory, all that panoply of will-o'-the-wisps one chases foolishly. She remembered the grimy little publisher in her prayers, and enjoyed her life thoroughly. The shock when it came was overwhelming, but, thanks to some staunch quality, it remained her own affair. No one knew that when the fire wiped out a business it wiped out once and for ever a literary ambition. But it's true. Perhaps had that gosling of a tale even dragged its length through twelve monthly numbers, a little prig would have mothered it, and of all impossible catastrophes, let us avoid priggism! Up it went in smoke, anyhow, the lovely heroine, the scent of piney woods and apple blossoms, among which it was written, the fun and the fancy, and none of it ever has come back. It is like a sepulchred child to me, or was for many years, and the memory of it has so little of regret or bitterness that I have grinned to myself over such of its adventures as are truthfully set forth above, as one might playfully recall the doings of the child gone away, his impish or foolish or adorable tricks. Write another one. *Ach, nein!* 'Tis better to live one's stories than to make 'em up!

Chips.

Manufacturing sorrow is one of the worst of sins.
Honesty is the best policy when the truth is known.
Unpunctuality is the secret of success—for the punctual.

What's bred in the bone is charged for as meat in the butcher's bill.
Horses will do more for a whistle than a whip, when the whip is handy.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can get somebody else to do to-day.

When the creditor comes in at the door the debtor goes out at the window.

Never contradict a lady in business matters. Give her time enough and she will contradict herself.

It is very bad luck to dream that you are not married when you are.

It Takes 35 Tailors to Make one Semi-ready Garment...

Each Semi-ready garment is made by a group of specialists, each one working on that particular part at which he excels.

Our tailors who are specialists in collar-making do nothing else in the Semi-ready tailory. The same applies to sleeve-making, stitch-moulding shoulders, interior workmanship and every other point in the making.

The result is that Semi-ready tailors are perfect at their particular work, and the completed Semi-ready garment is in each detail the highest product of the tailor's art.

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Watch for our new harbor.

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TEMPUS EDAX. HOMO EDACIOR.

"Why, Jimmy, what's the matter? What are you crying for?"
"B-b-boohoo! B-b-'cause it's so long till my next birthday!"

Boys' Eaton Suits

We carry a full range of sizes in boys' Eaton Suits from 26 size up to 33

The 26 and 27 sizes have the short pants, and 28 to 33 have long trousers.

We carry the extra long trousers also in colored effects for the Eaton suit.

Prices for suits
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is made finer, and bad is made better by
'DARTRING' 'LANOLINE'
No imitation can bear the 'Darting'
No imitation can be called 'Darting'
Demand the genuine
'DARTRING' 'LANOLINE'
in collapsible tubes
'DARTRING' 'LANOLINE' TOILET SOAP

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In far-off Russia there are most stringent laws as to the admission of proprietary medicines.
The following extract from an official document will show how closely the public is guarded in the Czar's Empire:
"A decree of the Russian Government medical and health authorities, after subjecting
VIN MARIANI
to most rigorous test and analysis, the medical council made a special decision, thoroughly approved of same and authorized its entry into Russia.
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In evening dress or in business clothes the "apparel oft proclaims the man." A stylish, neat and well-groomed appearance spells success. The wrinkled, frowny, slovenly look spells failure. We will spell success for you for a small quarterly charge.

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Mamma—Fighting again, Willie! Didn't I tell you to stop and count one hundred whenever you were angry? Willie—But it didn't do any good, ma. Look what he did while I counted!
"What shall I furnish my cosy corner with?" "Oh, any good, desirable, seven-year-old blonde."
"Tell me," said the ambitious young man, "what do you consider the best foundation for success in business?" "Rocks," promptly replied the wise old merchant.
"Money makes the mare go." "It can't always make the automobile run, though."



MONTGOMERY AND STONE,
In the Wizard of Oz.

Correspondence Column

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent to the Editor. Requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Folle-Furline. For weeks I have been asking ages and stupidities where to locate your quotation, but without success. Everyone has heard it, no one can tell me where. Perhaps we had better have a whack at the reading public, and ask them here and now to tell us whence come those lines: "Give me again my low tree, a crust of bread and liberty." Bears, possums, squirrels and owl-birds (leave answer, or any other beastie that has the hollow-tree habit. I don't mind taking a certain amount of time from my sensible work to hunt up lines and dates, but life is short. Folle-Furline! Your writing is fine. Imagination, quick perception, receptiveness, energy, loquacity, some slight pessimism, "more a fid than a food" of your mind, conservative and tenacious turn of mind, great love of beauty and very well accented opinions are shown. It has refinement, talent and self-respect very evident. A good study full of suggestion and rather fond of power.

Pearl.—Your graphological sketch about the ideal baby certainly is the limit. Besides, it is written on lines, which further reduces its significance. How do you expect me to consider a baby which (or who) "possesses all the characteristics pertaining to the pure and angelic throne"? What do you know about aforesaid throne? If you have a more mortal baby of your own, Pearl, you'll soon revise your description. I incline to think, however, that you are an innocent girl who likely couldn't tell the difference between a baby and a business! Your writing is dainty, refined, cultured and very frank and ladylike. You are an idealist, and at the same time, possess saving discretion, good method, a rather fine turn for business, and neat and orderly system. You have lots to learn and plenty of time in which to learn it.

Margaret R.—A New Yorker, born on All Fool's day. That is to identify you as you gave no non-de-plume. Your birthday brings you under Aries, a fire sign, the first of the Zodiacal year. You are a good specimen of Aries, but unless led as yet, and much self-discipline and study to do yourself justice. The sign Aries governs the head, the brain, the reasoning faculties, and can grow into wonderful power and advancement. Your study is at present generous, open to influence, full of materialism, apt to be satisfied with the obvious, devoid of the finer shades of fact, intuition and sympathy, broad and liberal, but not adaptable, conservative and very careful in giving confidence. You might be trusted with a secret with safety. Ambition is strong and reasonable, power fair. You are not of easy or very amenable temper. There is a good deal of ability and energy suggested.

S. A. G.—When I glanced at your letter I felt like an auctioneer and a well-digger—first a buoyant line made me want to call out "How high will you go?" like the former, then a pessimistic hopeless trail of a final suggested question, "How low can we get?" like the latter. So I told you once before that the scales did not please well! Sure they don't, my girl, but no doubt as you develop you will have power to live more evenly, and reject that retrograde influence of which you speak. Conserve your forces and restrain your impulses; get into line, live your own life, unburdened by the other lives about you. You have the stuff in you. Just do yourself justice. I dare say I told you all that other time.

Joe.—Cease throwing bouquets, prithee, Josephine! They might get between me and your study. The latter shows concentration, constant and rather strong

purpose, though persistence rather than decided action is your strong card. You are not the dominant sort, desiring power, but your longheadedness and clear sequence of ideas are apt to achieve your ends. You are not cautious in your confidences, and generally turn a trustful face to the world. I don't think you ever give up an idea, conviction, or project if by any means you can hold it. There is a pleasant, hopeful touch about you, but none of the earmarks of success in any great or marked enterprise. You give just what you must, conscientiously, but no more.

Elizabeth.—Did I send you an Album of Views? How sweet of me! but I really don't remember a bit about it. So I dare say it was some other fellow. Your writing is frank, honest, full of force, and care, youth with all its crude self-reliance. You like to dominate, are somewhat over confident, practical, matter-of-fact and adverse to receptivity. This person might easily be a valuable and worthy member of society without a spark of the eternal fire. However, she has apparently most of her life still to live.

La Ferrolana.—Certainly everyone should dominate the birth influences in time, some find it difficult even with the best of effort and care and knowledge. There is nothing "unlucky" about your birthday; it brings you under the influence of the June sign, Gemini, which rules from May 22 to June 21, not with full freedom, however, from Taurus, the May sign, until three days after your birthday. Therefore you have, perhaps, some of the solidity of Taurus, an earth sign, to balance the instability of June, Gemini is a double sign—the Twins—and the two minds of Castor and Pollux often keep up a merry war within the child under their influence. It is, beside, an air sign, and your writing, with its various slopes, reminds me of the wind that blows where it listeth. Just look at it yourself and see if you don't notice the unexpectedness of many of your strokes. There is no clear sequence of thought, which is signified by the joining of all the letters in each word. Yours are broken up in all sorts of ways, syllables, letters, anyhow. There is a good deal of nervous force and some originality, but little culture. You have talent and bright perception; may easily be entertaining, and will doubtless evince warm-hearted and kindly traits.

Good Fanny.—It is not the best form to address Toronto letters "City." It began in business localities and should remain there. I know what I think when I receive private letters addressed "City," but I shan't just tell. Also it smacks of typewriter and stenographer when the I omitted the couldn't fancy a woman of education and training in refined small things beginning her letter "Just drop you a line." "Wait to tell you, that's not egotism, as you mistakenly remark. It is good form, dignified, geometrical. Therefore, govern your use of it accordingly.

C. R. B.—February 21 brings you under Pisces, the March sign, but only two days freed from the full power of Aquarius, the February sign. Consequently the air and the water have you under their influence. Air is the beautifier, improver and inspiration of water, leading it to forceful motion, or passing through it to lighten, brighten and beautify. A little thought will show you how the two improve each other. And you are just under that happy condition for the best help of the combined elements—the inspiration of February and the responsiveness of March! The speculative turn of thought is yours, and I fancy you will follow up this hint. You are not as elusive as you might be, but have clear sequence of ideas and fine discretion. You won't lightly embrace a doctrine, a fad or an affection. The person you mention has many individualities. Just now he's a sort of Don Quixote, sometimes I seem to smell Don Juan. You may take time and fill in some others. The good gods forbid he should do as you suggest. Your writing is generous, but cautious, inclined to pessimism (don't you doubt a few things?), honest, enterprising, open to the influence of the beautiful, and sometimes exhibiting considerable judgment in matters of artistic selection. It is a worthy study.

Mickey.—This is a female Mickey butting in, and the original Mickey is hereby warned off this paragraph. A Washington Mickey, moreover, and a particularly bright and breezy one, too. December 27 brings you under Capricorn, the Goat, my little Irishwoman. That's why you butt in, I suppose. It seems hard to imagine you very depressed at times, though "very jolly" shines in all your lines. God save the Irish, that's their way always, though! You are womanly, lovable, and affectionate, generous, courageous, discreet, tactful. The least bit vain, and very charming.

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YOU can work better and play better, when **YOU** take **WILSON'S INVALIDS PORT.**
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You pay for it AFTER it has paid you for itself.

It will do a regular EIGHT-hour washing in FOUR hours, and it won't wear the clothes. We prove this before you pay a cent.

We send you our "1900 Junior" Washer free of charge, on a month's trial. We pay the freight on it to your home station, at our own expense.

YOU don't risk a penny, and **WE** don't ask from you any cash deposit, note or security. You simply write us for the month's trial, and we do the rest.

If, on a four weeks' test, you can't wash clothes with it equal to best hand-work, in HALF THE TIME, with your nearest Railroad Station, that's all.

When you are convinced it saves you FOUR hours' labor out of every EIGHT-hour weekly washing, KEEP the machine. Then you must pay us 50 cents a week until the Washer is paid for.

The four hours a week our "1900 Junior" Washer SAVES **YOU** would have cost you for washerwoman's time to cents. Your own time (if you do the washing yourself) is worth as much as a washerwoman's, and any servant's time costs you board and money equal to this in the long run.

The "1900 Junior" Washer lasts at least five years. Every YEAR it will save you about \$13.00 in labor. In five years this amounts to \$65.00—think of that. In the free month's trial alone it will SAVE an average family \$2. and **YOU** assume NO RISK whatever, no responsibility during the trial.

Isn't this the broadest and fairest offer ever made you?

We may withdraw it to-morrow if it overcrows our factory. But whoever answers THIS advertisement shall have the benefit of the offer, provided you write to us PROMPTLY on reading it. Shall we send you a Washer on trial, to be paid for as it pays you? Answer TO-DAY, while the offer is open and while you think of it. Address me direct for personal attention, viz: J. E. BACH, General Manager of the Bach Specialty Co., Dept. J., 355 1-2 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

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ANTIQUES.

Customer—But haven't you got any folding mince-pies? Baker—Folding mince-pies? Customer—Yes; I want to send it as a present to a young couple who live in a flat.

"I want some man to figure out how much electricity it is going to take to run my mill. Whom would you recommend?" "One of those lightning calculators, of course."

"I heard you make use of the word 'jackass,' sir; did you apply it to me?" "No, sir, I didn't. You don't imagine you're the only jackass in the world, do you?"

"What is the secret of your success?" asked the very young man. "In buying," said the old horse dealer, "I look sharp, and in selling I look just as ignorant as I can."

Windsor Salt
is all salt—pure, clean, crystals, and nothing but salt.



One "Fruit-a-tives" Tablet

contains all the medicinal virtues of several apples, oranges, figs and prunes. In eating fruit, the part that does you good is almost counterbalanced by the indigestible pulp.

Fruit-a-tives

or Fruit Liver Tablets are the curative qualities without the woody fibre. The juices are so combined by the secret process that their action is much more powerful and efficacious. Try "FRUIT-A-TIVES." See how gently they act, and how quickly they cure you of Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Stomach, Headaches and Kidney Troubles. At your druggist's. 50c. box. FRUITATIVES, Limited, OTTAWA.

Anecdotal

One of the late Professor Huxley's best stories is of an Irish painter who was observed covering the side of a house with a fresh coat of green, applied at a furious rate of speed. A passer-by, noticing the workman's evident haste, inquired the cause of his hurry. "Sure," replied the Irishman, glancing uneasily at his half-empty bucket, "o'm trying to finish me work on this wall before the paint runs out."

An old Scotchman, being asked how he was getting on, said that he was all right, "gin it wasn't for the rheumatism in the right leg." "Ah, John," said the inquirer, "be thankful, for there is no mistake you are getting old, like the rest of us, and old age doesn't come alone." "Auld age, sir," returned John, "I wonder to hear ye. Auld age has naething tae dae wi't. Here's myither leg just as auld; an' it's soond and soople yet."

The following is a Winnipeg boy's composition on "The Crocodile": "The crocodile is a large animal that inhabits the Nile and loves to go on the sandy beach to bask in the sunshine and lay eggs. It looks some like a dachshund, only there is more of it at the ends, and it is bigger. There was a crocodile once that escaped from a circus. It roamed over the country, seeking in vain for pigs and small children to devour, and died of starvation in great anguish. You can ride on the back of a crocodile, but it is more comfortable to use a saddle. It is usually quiet, but is terrible when roused. We all ought to be thankful we are not a crocodile."

An Irishman has oftentimes such particular regard for the feelings of a stranger, that, rather than contradict him, he will appear to acquiesce in many things that he could not be expected to believe. I said, he will appear to acquiesce. A tourist who was sailing up on Loch Erne once wished to test the alleged character of Irishmen for politeness. Now there was a regular squall on, and at a moment when the old boatman was engrossed and had all his energies bent to keep the little craft before the wind, the inquisitive one, leaning over to the old boatman, shouted in his ear: "Very little wind to-day." "Very little, indeed," was the reply, "but what there is of it, is mighty strong!"

One of the greatest compliments Senator Spooner ever received contrasted him in his breeziest style with Thomas Jefferson at his best, to the latter's disparagement. When a young man, Spooner was engaged to deliver the Fourth of July address in a small town. Another young aspirant for fame, named Clinton, read the Declaration of Independence, which was followed and interpreted by Spooner's eagle-screaming speech. On his way home Spooner met a countryman, one of his audience, who complimented him after this pattern: "That was a magnificent speech of yours, Mr. Spooner, I think the very best I ever heard; anyhow, it knocked Clinton's all hollow."

C. Oliver Iselin, the noted yachtsman, was talking about a cross-grained skipper of the past. "He was always unexpected," Mr. Iselin began. "He was always saying the unexpected thing. In fact, as he lay dying, he blurted out the most surprising sentence. He died in his old home, in the Scottish village of Peebles, where he had been born and raised. His wife and children sat at his bedside to comfort his departure. There were sighs and sobs in the air. Suddenly the sick man started up, gave a loud groan, and fell back on the pillow white and stiff. 'He's gone at last,' said his wife, and 'I'll never be happy till I follow him.' Then she went on in a calmer tone: 'We'll better hae the...'"

"The Look Shop."

Pictures for Gifts

What could be more appropriate for a Wedding or an Easter Gift than a beautiful Picture? Our Art Room is a scene of beauty in itself, and lovers of art could not spend an hour more pleasantly. Then, our prices are not the least attractive feature of this magnificent showing—some of the choicest works ever displayed in Toronto.

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funeral on Wednesday, and we'll just get Wully Barrie to mak' the coffin. Though Wully has never been a friend o' ours—? She was interrupted by a faint voice from the bed—"If ye get that crater Wully Barrie to mak' the coffin, I'll not put a foot in it."

New anecdotes are coming to light daily about the Rough Riders who descended on Washington for the inauguration. One of the cowboys, while in the rooms of a Washington comrade, who had grown prosperous since his Rough Rider days, fell to looking at his host's evening things, which were spread out, and he espied an opera-hat compressed into itself, and picking it up began to regard it curiously from different angles. While poking it, the hat sprung open. Young Arizona regarded his landwork with amazement and delight. "A hat!" he commented admiringly, "a self-cocking hat! Now, don't that beat hell!"

The proposal to shoot automobilists who drive their cars to the danger of the public, made by a British magistrate some time ago, was revived at a late meeting of the Warwickshire Chamber of Agriculture, when the following letter was read: "I hold a discharge as sergeant from the army, and am a trained shot. At least fifty automobilists pass my house every day. With an ordinary magazine rifle I could get about thirty daily, and I offer my trained services to the chamber at the charge of sixpence per head. I should like to hear to whom to forward the heads. I could use explosive or poisoned bullets, if so desired."

During Queen Victoria's reign one of the solicitors of the Queen who had jurisdiction over capital cases, chanced to be a man named Bacon. By a curious chance a man named Hogg was condemned to death under his jurisdiction. The day before the execution Hogg sent for his executioner, Bacon. The prisoner pleaded for interference in his case because of his claims of relationship to Bacon. The solicitor, always ready with a reply, answered: "I have no proof of our relationship. You are doubtless mistaken. At any rate, the execution must take place, for only in that way can matters be set right. Hogg is not Bacon until it is dead." It is said the prisoner laughed in spite of himself.

A Pen Picture of Mr. Arnold-Forster.

At the table of the House of Commons, both hands clasped in front of him, red-eyed, grey-faced, and hoarse-voiced, stands a young-looking man talking about the British army.

It is afternoon. A listlessness pervades the Chamber. Yawns run from bench to bench one after another, like railway carriage doors opening at a station. Members with hats wear them over their eyes. Legs everywhere are restless.

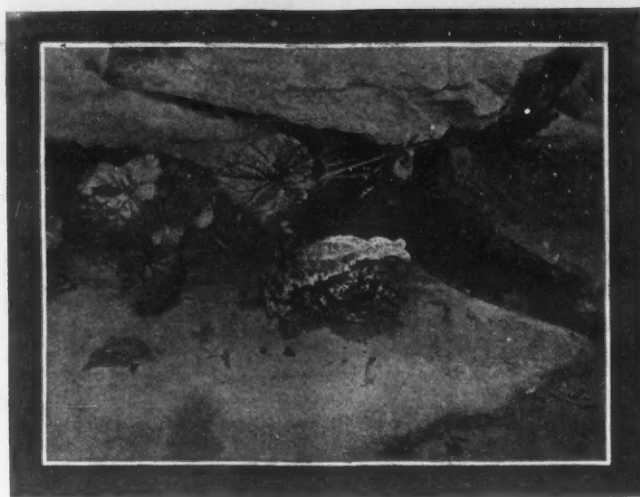
Through the antique windows above the tall oak panelling filters a strangled sunlight. Behind the dusky grille one discerns a blur of feminine garments, but no light of woman's face. The Speaker sits back in his great chair with the knuckles of one hand pressed against his cheek, a long forefinger rigid at his ear. In front of him, facing the House, the clerks in their wigs are whispering together and making notes with official quill pens. Now and then a member goes to them, whispers in their ear, and passes out. The young-looking man with the red-rimmed eyes and the colourless face goes on talking about the British army.

The crowded benches suggest tramway cars at night. The members, squashed there so tightly that only the lucky ones can sit easily back, look like tired workers going home, dusty and weary, to their suburbs. It is a panorama of grey faces. A physician called in to inspect the House of Commons would surely send these grey-faced men to the seaside for air and sunshine. Only one man suggests the green fields and boisterous wind of England—the new Chief Secretary for Ireland. The rest are Londoners, stamped with the mark of the grey city, and wearing in their faces the never-lifted shadow of her walls.

Of all these tired men, the most tired is this young man at the table talking about the British army. He is of middle height and spare of body, with a small head that advertises neither power nor genius. No one would suspect him of being a Cabinet Minister, except Mr. Balfour or Mr. Bromley-Davenport. He looks like a clerk excusing himself to implacable masters for late arrival at the office. His clasped hands are an entreaty. His pale face is a prayer. His red-rimmed eyes are an abandoned appeal for mercy. There is something tragic in the spectacle. The smiles of the Opposition are cruelly. The interruptions of Mr. Winston Churchill are torture. One feels that the safety of the British army is too high a price to pay for such mental distress. Let the discussion cease, let him go back to the War Office and do what he pleases—in any event, do not keep him here any longer baring those torn nerves to the world.

Under the gallery where I sit watching him in the dim afternoon light there is constant laughter at his words. Just in front of me members are talking together, calling the War Minister hard names. Mr. Winston Churchill looks up frequently from his notes to laugh. Sir Charles Dilke whispers a word which makes Major Seely smile. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is radiant with amusement. On the Treasury bench, just behind Mr. Arnold-Forster, the Prime Minister lies far back in his seat, his legs outstretched, his arms slack at his side, his eyes fixed meditatively upon the boots of his War Minister.

I am told that the War Office has proved too severe a labor for Mr. Arnold-Forster. It is said that his nerves have broken down under the strain. As he stands at the table emphasizing dreary platitudes and every now and then making a jaded effort to carry the war into the camp of his critics, he con-



THE TOAD AT HOME.
This little reptile is enjoying a sun bath at his own front door.

fesses to all the world in his countenance and in his words the failure of his great ambition.

Tired nerves are always egoistic, and the remark of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, that it was a relief to the House when towards the end of the War Minister's speech the pronoun "we" was employed, struck infinitely deeper than was intended. Mr. Arnold-Forster has lost his old truculence, lost that dictatorial conduct of affairs which once irritated the House of Commons, lost that old jaunty self-assurance which early in his career made for him a dangerous reputation in English public life; but his egoism is now of another order—it is morbid, multiplied a hundredfold by the rebellion of overriden nerves.

I watch the War Minister with sympathy, and I listen to him with pity. He has done in the past useful work. He is a patriot of earnest devotion. But to take such a man—a civilian who has written a few engaging educational books for children—and to set him over the British army as its supreme chief is a work of cruelty, a jest of madness. Is there another nation under heaven which would leave its army to the experiments of men like Mr. Arnold-Forster? When he speaks of the lessons which this country has to learn from the Japanese, may we not smile to reflect that the first lesson would be the dismissal of a lay Secretary for War?

He tells us nothing which really matters. The army which a few months ago was in instant peril is still in that appalling condition. Seven years, he cries pitifully, are not enough to begin the work that has to be done. Muddle, as intricate as the paths of evolution; confusion, as thick as the tangle of a jungle; disorder, as wild as the course of a hurricane—this is the condition, in spite of all fair words to the contrary, in which the British army goes about its daily preparation for war.

Think of what war really is; conjure up before the eye of imagination those enormous blood-streamed fields through which the war machinery of Japan is rolling back the shattered armies of Russia, legion after legion, host after host, strewn the wide front with thousands and ten thousands of brave and vigorous men; and then turn to this grey-faced young man at the table of the House of Commons protesting with a miserable pity that seven years is scarcely time enough in which to begin the work of efficiency in the British army! Surely we have delivered into the hands of incompetence the destinies of our country; surely we have surrendered to a nerveless fatalism the courage, the force, the energy, the determination, and the downright common sense of our English heritage. Or—is this really the best we can do? Remember that war is the justification for Mr. Arnold-Forster's office—not county councils, nor school boards, nor tramways—but War, red War.

On the table of the House of Commons stands an hour-glass with the wire-drawn sand trickling through from

globe to globe. Every now and then a clerk at the table strikes a bell to remind the Minister for War that his time of expostulation and his period of promises is drawing to its close. It would be well if the country realized that it is for them the sands run down, and the bell rings out, for the hour of amateur government is falling toward the night.

HAROLD BEGRIE.

Irish Proverbs.

The proverbs of a nation are the distilled wit of generations of its people; and the true wit of the race is often-times in proportion to the truth and beauty of its proverbs. Few nations, and few languages, possess more beautiful sayings than the Irish. "The silent mouth is melodious," is an Irish aphorism pregnant with beauty and poetry. And another saying, inculcating a charity which is spiritually needed in this modern world of ours, is that which tells us "Our eyes should be blind in the abode of another." The beautiful faith and the magnificent optimism of the Irish race is well pictured in their proverb, "God never shuts one door but He opens two." Autumn days come softly, quickly, like the running of a hound upon a moor," is poetic, vivid truth. And here is a sharp, satirical one that cuts several ways at the same time: "A poem ought to be well made at first, for there is many a one to spoil it afterward."

But the Pen is Mightier.

In some parts of Ireland it is a custom among bank-clerks to speak of one another as "officers" of the bank; but little Jim Bender, the recently-imported Cockney waiter in a County Mayo hotel, was not aware of the custom.

"Have you seen any of our officers here this morning?" asked a lordly knight of the quill of Jim a few days ago.

Jim glanced keenly at his interrogator. "Yussir," he answered promptly. "It isn't three minutes ago since one of 'em went out—with his sword be'ind 'is ear!"

Reflections of a Bachelor.

A woman goes to an afternoon tea in the same state of excitement as a man does to a horse race.

If you try to whisper to a girl, she acts like she was afraid she might try to kiss you against her will.

Most men are willing to let their wives train the children, but they insist on training the dog themselves.

If the house catches on fire a woman wants to save her old love letters and the baby's first pair of shoes.

A man could save a lot of money by stopping smoking if he didn't have to spend much more to keep from getting mad with himself for doing it.

A woman can't help thinking the state has poor business sense not to have bargain days in taxes.



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THE coming of Mr. Henry W. Savage's admirable *Parsifal* company, which has enjoyed a succession of triumphal entries into every American city of importance, has awakened a desire for more knowledge concerning the many legends of the quest of the Holy Grail, and the following notes, therefore, need no apology for publishing:

The legends of *Parsifal* are back of written history. Wagner first became acquainted with them in the studies he made for his *Tannhauser*. Then he came to know Wolfram von Eschenbach, the greatest of the German medieval poets, who, as all who know *Tannhauser* remember, is one of the principal characters in that opera. Later, when he began his *Lohengrin*, he became acquainted with the works of Chrétien de Troyes, a contemporary of Wolfram. From Wolfram's *Parsifal* and from Chrétien's *Conte del Graal* Wagner drew most of his material for his music-drama. The beginning of the legend is lost in the mists of antiquity. The story in its main features is a development of the most ancient myths of the Indo-European race, being one of the beautiful branches which have grown from the hoary tree of primitive religious belief. In its literary form it is difficult to trace it back of the twelfth century. There is no more fascinating subject than the wonderful burst of literary work which came almost simultaneously to all Western Europe in the last half of the twelfth century and the first half of the thirteenth. It was, as it were, the most gracious and beautiful spoil of the Crusades, which had opened the eyes of the rude Westerners to the splendour and the beauty of the Orient, its music, its poetry and its art. The direct heritage from this fruitful period is the Arthurian cycle of legends, which have exercised constantly so enormous an influence on our literature. In England, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Scandinavia, and even in distant Iceland, Arthur and the heroes of the "Table Round" were sung by the minstrels and the poets. The older heroes—Charlemagne and his peers, Theodoric, Attila, Siegfried, Hector and Alexander—disappeared before the onrush of the Celtic knights. Arthur, from an obscure British chieftain, whose sole historic claim to fame rests on a mention of him in an ancient chronicle as a successful general against the Saxons, became a world hero, a type-man, the model of all chivalry. His knights grew correspondingly in stature and all the myths of the past, pagan and Christian, were clustered about them. Out of this inchoate mass of literature emerges one great theme, which in both of the developments must be taken as the true mirror of mediæval life, customs, and habits of thought—the quest of the Holy Grail. Beside it all the others fade—Tristan and Isolde, Lancelot and Guinevere, Merlin and the Arthurian sagas. It not only mirrors chivalry at its highest development, but was made to embody the loftiest religious ideals of the time. As the idea that the story was invented by a single poet and copied by others, has long since been abandoned, it must necessarily be that the legend—at least that which has to do with the quest—existed in some literary form (probably in short poems of Lais) long before the great poets took it up.

The legend is composed of two distinct parts of separate origin. One has to do with the bringing of the Grail, or the dish into which fell the blood from the wounds of Christ, from Jerusalem to England by Joseph of Arimathea. The other is the quest proper. Moreover, the legend has two distinct motives. The first may be called the knightly or monkish motive; the second, the monkish or ascetic motive—the unfinished *Conte del Graal* of the Frenchman, Chrétien de Troyes, and the *Parsifal* of Wolfram von Eschenbach. The others belong to the earliest writers, and the bulky prose romances, *Grand St. Graal* and *Quest de St. Graal*, the latter attributed to Walter Map, Archdeacon of Oxford. Wagner took the external form of his drama from Chrétien and Wolfram, but he incorporated into his drama much of the spirit which he found only in the second class and made use of some of the important dramatic elements in it, for example, the character of the Grail. Wagner, with his wonderful dramatic instinct and his extraordinary capacity of selection, did with these various legends what he had done before with the cycles of legends which surround Siegfried and Tristan. He took from all, and when his poem was completed, the world possessed a work which gave a version of this most beautiful old tale, that not only has an essence of all its varied forms, but gave expression to the spiritual quality held in the story, which the old poets felt but were unable to bring out. The *Parsifal* of Wagner may be regarded as the most dramatic version of the legend of the quest of the Holy Grail, as his *Der Ring des Nibelungen* is of the *Nibelungenlied* of the Germans and his *Tristan and Isolde* of the fascinating tales of these ill-fated lovers.

Judging from newspaper reports received, Mr. Blakeley and his boys have been meeting with great success, and delighting large audiences at various outside points. Last week they appeared in Barrie to "standing-room only" also at Guelph, where they attracted great attention, and received high praise. City engagements this week included Knox Presbyterian and Carlton Street Methodist Churches, while next Thursday night they will appear at Woodgreen Methodist Church, and on Good Friday evening, in conjunction with Mr. Bengough, at St. Paul's Methodist Church, Avenue Road. In this connection it is interesting to note that Master Ernest MacMillan recently had the opportunity of playing before Lemare, the renowned English organist, who showed great interest, and expressed himself as being delighted with the wonderful genius and talent displayed in so youthful a performer.

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portunity of playing before Lemare, the renowned English organist, who showed great interest, and expressed himself as being delighted with the wonderful genius and talent displayed in so youthful a performer.

Mr. George Dixon made a most successful appearance in Brantford last week, of which the *Courier* says: "Mr. Dixon came as a stranger to most Brantford people, who were delighted with his beautiful rendering of four Beethoven numbers, and also by his extra songs, which were given between parts 1 and 2. Brantford people will always welcome a return appearance of Mr. Dixon in concert work."

The Toronto Ladies' Trio, consisting of the Misses Eugénie Quehen, pianist; Lina Adamson, violinist; and Lois Winlow, cellist, made their initial bow as an ensemble organization to the Toronto public on Saturday night last at the Conservatory of Music. All three ladies are brilliant executants on their respective instruments, bright and intelligent musicians, and sympathetic interpreters of judgment and taste. They gave a delightful programme, which included movements from such favorite compositions as the Mendelssohn trio, Op. 66, and the Schumann trio, Op. 63, and, as a novelty, Godard's trio, Op. 72. The Schumann and Mendelssohn works were rendered with a unanimity of reading and a distinction of execution and tone quality that revealed the essential features of the music in a vivid, comprehensive and expressive light. The Godard trio made a most favorable impression as illustrated by its fair exponents. It is characterized by French *esprit*, color and polish, and is altogether a brilliant piece of chamber music. In the third movement the artists were at their best in mutual spontaneity of inspiration, balance of tone, and neatness of technique. The young ladies added to the satisfaction of the audience by each in turn playing a solo. Miss Quehen contributed the Liszt transcription for the piano of Wagner's *Liebestod*, which she rendered with surprising virtuosity of execution, and a fine singing, feeling delivery of the melodic subjects. Miss Winlow aroused enthusiasm by her fanciful and sprightly treatment of Pöppel's Spanish dance, *Vito*, and Miss Adamson gave a sound, legitimate rendering of the *Adagio* and *Finale* from Max Bruch's violin concerto, Op. 26. The soloists in turn were demonstratively recalled, and responded to the wishes of their audience by conceding extra numbers. The assisting artist was Mr. Arthur Blight, who was in excellent voice and who sang Beethoven's *Adelaide* with finished style and considerable warmth of expression. He also, was honored, so that the verdict of the evening was distinctly encouraging to the promoters of what may be termed an experimental concert.

The sixth and last of the Goulay, Winter & Leeming *soirées musicales* was given in the King Edward Hotel banquet-room on Thursday evening of last week, and was well up to the standard that the firm have established for these musical events. The series of concerts have been productive of much musical good. They have covered a wide range of compositions, both vocal and instrumental, and have afforded our local artists increased opportunities of being heard by the public. On the occasion under notice, the programme was provided by the Schumann Trio—Messrs. J. D. A. Tripp, pianist; F. E. Blachford, violinist; and H. S. Saunders, violoncellist—assisted by Mr. A. Howard Blight, baritone. The series of concerts have been productive of much musical good. They have covered a wide range of compositions, both vocal and instrumental, and have afforded our local artists increased opportunities of being heard by the public. On the occasion under notice, the programme was provided by the Schumann Trio—Messrs. J. D. A. Tripp, pianist; F. E. Blachford, violinist; and H. S. Saunders, violoncellist—assisted by Mr. A. Howard Blight, baritone. The series of concerts have been productive of much musical good. They have covered a wide range of compositions, both vocal and instrumental, and have afforded our local artists increased opportunities of being heard by the public. On the occasion under notice, the programme was provided by the Schumann Trio—Messrs. J. D. A. Tripp, pianist; F. E. Blachford, violinist; and H. S. Saunders, violoncellist—assisted by Mr. A. Howard Blight, baritone.

It is worthy of note that Toronto is to hear *Parsifal* in advance of the metropolis of the Mother Country. Mr. Savage's production of Wagner's sacred drama will also be the first in Canada.

Mr. Arthur Blight won another pronounced triumph at his song recital in Association Hall on Tuesday night. He again demonstrated his versatility of taste, musical understanding, and emotional expression in a most attractive selection, which included two Schumann songs, Beethoven's *Adelaide*, and a cycle by Von Flitz. His fine voice was heard to special advantage in these numbers. He had the valuable assistance of Mr. Harry Field, solo pianist, who played splendidly compositions by Liszt, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Rubinstein. The Siloti arrangement of the ballet music from the latter composer's *Demon* was a great and surprising *tour de force*, not only of technique but of varied, tempestuous and weird power.

A vocal recital which was successful in every way was given by Mr. Rechab

Tandy and some of his pupils in the Conservatory Music Hall on Tuesday evening, 11th inst. The hall was crowded to the doors and many were unable to gain admittance. Mr. Tandy sang in an artistic and inspiring way, which showed his fine tenor voice to advantage, songs by Elgar, Blumenthal, and a group of old English gems. Mrs. Louise Tandy-Murch captivated the audience by her cultured voice and charming style of interpretation in two songs by Chaminade and D'Hardelot, and in a duet by Verdi with Mr. Tandy. Mr. Ralph Douglas sang in good style with excellent vocalization, *Honor and Arms* (Handel), and also in a duet with Mr. Tandy. The other pupils assisting were: Miss I. Mac Horton, Miss Myrtle Gallagher, Miss Christine Flemming, Miss F. M. Campbell, Miss Hattie Mac Austen, Miss Alecia Chown, Mr. Crawford R. Butler, and Mr. Harry Graham, all of whom showed good voices and excellent training in voice and articulation. Mr. W. H. Hungerford (pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt), played an organ solo, *Schiller's Festival March* (Meyerbeer-Berlioz) in a finished manner, which was much appreciated by the audience. The accompaniments were played with judgment by Miss Annie Connor, Miss Alecia Chown, and Mrs. Walter Murch.

At the Toronto College of Music on last Saturday afternoon, a recital was given by pupils of the college. Those taking part were: Piano—Mabel and Ethel Gates, Marjorie Manning, Lilian Thompson, Florence Cork, Carrie Watson, Frankie Finkle, Dorothy McMahon, Sadie Herron, Mildred Leach, Hilda Brunner, Maggie Webster, Edna Sanderson, Roy Robertson, Ella Cowling, Herbert Cosford, and Dorothy Graham; vocal—Mary Brown, Margaret Ford, Fred Hopkins; organ—Roy Robertson. The teachers represented were: Messrs. Welsman, Fairclough, Eggett, Mrs. McGinn, Mrs. Hopkins, Misses Husband, Porter, Robinson, Ashworth and McDonald.

At the closing meeting of the National Chorus for the season, held at the Conservatory Music Hall, April 5 (at which an excellent musical programme was rendered by Miss Helen Davies and other members of the Chorus), Dr. Ham, the conductor, was presented with a handsome solid silver (Queen Anne) tea service in an oaken cabinet. The presentation was made by Mr. W. D. Matthews, the president, on behalf of the officers and Chorus. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed, and there is no doubt that the organization will go on with renewed vigor next year. The address was as follows:

"The executive officers and members of the National Chorus desire, at this their closing meeting for the season, to extend to you their warmest congratulations on the great success of the annual concert on February 28. They cannot but feel that the highly satisfactory results of the season's work, particularly from an artistic standpoint, have been due not only to your great and well-recognized musical abilities, but also to your untiring efforts on behalf of the chorus, and the refined taste and scholarly discernment which have been so noticeable in your interpretation of the various musical works brought before the public through the instrumentality of this and other organizations with which you have been identified.

"They desire more especially, however, to express to you what they feel has been of paramount importance in the past history of the Chorus, and augurs so favorably for still greater success in the future—namely, the refined taste and scholarly discernment which have been so noticeable in your interpretation of the various musical works brought before the public through the instrumentality of this and other organizations with which you have been identified.

At the Toronto College of Music on Saturday afternoon last a recital was given by pupils of Dr. Torrington. The programme was as follows: Vocal—*Flight of Ages*, Bevan, Mrs. Bostwick; *Callst Thou Thus, O Master*, Meitzke, Mrs. McKessock; *Show Me Thy Ways*, Toronto, Miss M. Gray; (a) *My Heart is Weary*, Nadeschke, Goring Thomas; (b) *Patric*, Mattei, Miss J. Farquharson; *O Rest in the Lord*, Mendelssohn, Miss Hamilton Moore; *Oh Patria*, Rossini, Miss Katherine Ellis; *King of the Elves*, Davies, Mr. W. Clarke. Piano—Polonaise, Op. 26, Chopin, Miss Ethel M. Robinson; Nocturne, Brassin, Miss M. Sanderson; Ballade in A flat, Chopin, Miss D. Blair; Novelletto, Schumann, Miss A. Ivory; Songs Without Words, Nos. 2 and 30, Muriel Lillie; *Sonata Pathétique*, Beethoven, Etude, No. 10, Chopin, Miss Gertrude Anderson; *Frederic's Farewell*, No. 21, Chopin, Miss M. O'Connor; Op. 10, No. 12, Chopin, Miss M. McDonald; Concerto in C minor, Beethoven, Miss Pauline Grant.

learning the 'cello in the evening, and a lodger, a professional vocalist, sometimes practiced singing in the house. Occasionally there were musical parties. The neighbors finally complained to a magistrate, but were informed that what had been done did not go beyond the legitimate use of the house.

The People's Choral Union, under the direction of Mr. H. M. Fletcher, will give their closing concert for 1905 in Massey Hall next Tuesday, April 18. The plan opens to the public at Massey Hall on Saturday, April 15.

When the genial Mr. Safonoff was in New York city to direct two of the Philharmonic concerts, he predicted that in a decade his new method of conducting without a baton would prevail generally. His example is already being followed. In Berlin, the other day, Herr Hammer of Lausanne, gave a concert at which he used only his hands to guide the players. The critics, who had apparently not heard of Safonoff's precedence in this matter, promptly put the question whether this was destined to become a fashion. Dr. Schmidt pointed out that the baton has, in any case, been getting smaller and smaller (it used to be a big stick for pounding the floor); but he cannot imagine an operatic conductor without a stick and as for the concert hall, he thinks such men as Nikisch, Muck, and Weingartner have made the baton a pliable instrument. This may be true, but the question is, could not these

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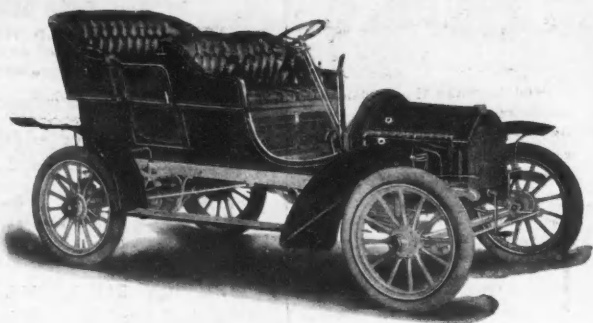
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ing, 97 Yonge street.

The German Benevolent Society cele-
brated its forty-third anniversary with a
highly successful concert and ball in the
Liederkrantz Hall, on Monday even-
ing, March 10. More than ordinary care
had been bestowed upon the arrange-
ment of the programme, every item of
which was well rendered, and received
with much favor. Mr. W. G. Heintz-
man, with the laurels which he had won
at the Armouries on the previous Sat-
urday evening, made a decided hit in his
several numbers, and as an exceedingly
clever popular-song illustrator and en-
tertainer, Toronto may in the future ex-
pect to see more of him. The *Poses*
Plastiques, contributed by Miss Maud I.
Caswell, were also a very pleasing fea-
ture of a very pleasant evening.

Phenomenal Growth.

It is not generally known that Toron-
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mental and otherwise, than all the
other cities of Canada combined, yet this
is a fact, there being twelve companies
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Among the many companies doing busi-
ness here there is none of them who
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a large trade in this line, and one that
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Births

MIMMS—On Friday, March 31, to Mr.
and Mrs. W. G. Mimms, 343 Spadina
avenue, a son.
BULL—Toronto, April 10, Mrs. W. P.
Bull, a son.
BRITTON—Toronto, April 9, Mrs. J. F.
Britton, a son.
HARDY—Toronto, April 10, Mrs. Horace
Hardy, a son.
MOORCRAFT—Bowmanville, April 11,
Mrs. J. S. Moorcraft, a son.
PTOLEMY—Stony Creek, April 9, Mrs.
W. H. Ptolemy, a son.
SYMONS—Toronto, April 12, Mrs. David
T. Symons, a son.

Marriages

MOSES—Burt—Toronto, April 8, Annie
Maud Burt to J. S. M. Moses.
NEELANDS—Eaton—Toronto, April 12,
Jessie Margaret Eaton to Ernest Vic-
tor Neelands, B.A.Sc.
VAN WINCKEL—Morrison—Toronto,
April 12, Jean Morrison to W. George
Van Winckel.

Deaths

ATKINSON—Toronto, April 12, Ellen At-
kinson, aged 71 years.
ANDERSON—Brampton, April 10, George
Roddick Anderson, aged 56 years.
ADAMS—Toronto, April 11, Mary A.
Allison Adams.
FLETCHER—Toronto, April 10, Josephine
Kennedy Fletcher, aged 66 years.
HERALD—Toronto, April 12, Dr. John
Herald.
PHILLIPS—San Francisco, Cal., April 10,
Charles Phillips.
RATCLIFFE—Exeter, April 11, Violetta
A. Russell Ratcliffe, aged 25 years.
SHAWER—Toronto, April 12, Henry
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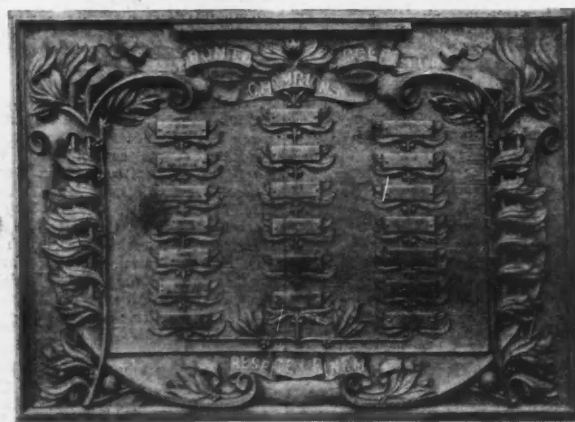
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The Popularity of the Gerhard Heintzman Piano.

Within the past month Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, the well-known Toronto virtuoso, has given piano recitals in this city, Belleville, Hamilton, Stratford, and other places, in nearly all of which his programmes were vocally and admirably diversified by Mr. R. S. Pigott. On each occasion the piano used was the celebrated Gerhard Heintzman concert grand, which gathered fresh laurels all along the route, and entrenched itself more strongly than ever in popular favour. As many must have noticed of late, the manufacturers of these instruments have been calling for special attention to the Gerhard Heintzman "tone," which not only possesses an individuality of its own, but also is in reality the high-water mark of purity and beauty, and, therefore, well entitled to the attention asked for. In connection with Mr. Tripp's recital at the Royal Hotel, Hamilton, the *Times* of that city said: "It speaks well for the quality and manufacture of the Gerhard Heintzman pianos that, although the grand piano was brought direct from the car and put in place in view of the audience with no chance for tuning or examining, its tone was perfect and responded readily to the mood of the player. Whenever it is possible to get this make of piano Mr. Tripp insists on having it, he having one in his own home."

The manufacturers of the Gerhard Heintzman pianos have their own sales-rooms in Toronto at 97 Yonge street.

Among the names recently registered in the visitors' book at the United Arts and Crafts Studio are: Mrs. J. H. Thomas, Ingersoll; Miss Anita Newcomb McGee, Washington, D.C.; Mrs. J. F. McLaren, Brantford; W. Neilson, J. Neilson, Quebec, P.Q.; Mrs. J. K. Fairbairn, Weston; the Misses Brady, Woodstock; Mrs. W. G. Angus, Hamilton; Dr. Radford, Galt.

A New Suit for Easter.

Easter is now only one week distant, but there is still time to get a new suit, if your order is placed at once with Levy Bros., the well-known Toronto tailors, who are showing just now some of the noblest spring suitings ever seen in this city. If a new frock coat is required this season, it is just as well to order it now, and thus have it to wear on Easter Sunday—the day of days for careful dressers. By having such a coat made by Levy Bros., corner Scott and Colborne streets, you will procure yourself a perfect garment and a splendid fit.

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The clumsy pendant chandelier, which was so much in use when gas and coal oil were the principal means of illumination available, is being superseded by a lighter and much more artistic style of fixture, employing the incandescent electric lamps for its lighting agent.

Sometimes the lights are arranged in a cluster and hang near the ceiling; in other cases, where it is desirable that the light should be hung lower, the lighting clusters are suspended by means of a chain.

The display of electric fixtures in the show-rooms of the local electric light company has been selected with great care, the aim of the management being to encourage the use of the electric light by showing its many advantages over all other forms of illumination from an artistic standpoint. Its hygienic advantages are too well known to need demonstration.

Dr. Sunderland of Jarvis Street Unitarian Church will take for his subject next Sunday morning, "James Martin—A century appreciation."



"The way in which these clothes have shrunk within the last few weeks is awful!"

Spring Violets

"I looked for something sweet To send to you, And the violets asked If they would do."

On a satin-tied perfumed Sachet (No. 500) appear the above words, with a spray of daintily-painted violets. Price, 35 cents.



RYRIE BROS. TORONTO

Superfluous Hair

Removed by the New Principle.

De Miracle

It is better than electricity, because it does not burn or produce a new growth. Better than X-ray, because it does not burn, scar or paralyze the tissues under the skin. Better than depilatories, because it is not poisonous; therefore it will not cause blood poisoning, or produce eczema, which is so common with depilatories, nor does it break off the hair, thereby increasing its growth.

Electrolysis, X-ray or depilatories are offered you on the bare word of the operators and manufacturers. De MIRACLE is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines.

De MIRACLE mailed sealed in plain wrapper on receipt of \$1.00. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. Booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope, upon request. Write for it today to De MIRACLE CHEMICAL CO., 25 Queen St. West, Toronto. For sale by

THE SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, ONT.

Men's Shoes

You'll soon be wanting a pair of correct Spring Shoes, sir, and we trust you'll think of us.

There's a certainty of getting the Best Shoes when you buy here.

The new Spring Styles are very handsome, and we'll be expecting you in to see them.

Special lines in Men's Ties at \$3.50 and \$5.00.

H. & C. BLACHFORD
114 Yonge Street

Does Compressed Air Get the Dirt Out?—It Does.

The Dustless Method is so Much Easier and Quicker—Why Not Use it?

There are two sides to every question. Where prejudice is allowed to make the decision, the other side never gets a show.

It would be just as stupid for anyone to judge from prejudice that compressed air could not clean carpets on the floor, as it would be for a judge to declare his decision before hearing the case.

No one who knows has any hesitation in saying plainly that Compressed Air can clean carpets on the floor and does it, better and in one-twentieth part of the time required by the ordinary way.

Anyone who is prejudiced, we invite to look into the Dustless Method. Those who have house-cleaning to do, certainly will find it to their advantage to look into it.

The Compressed Air, or Dustless Method, consists of directing a stream of air at a pressure of 95 lbs. to the square inch, upon the carpet. It is carried from the compressing machine through a pipe to the "blower." This blower weighs about 50 lbs., so that it sits snug and tight upon the floor. It is much like a large flat-iron, and is pushed smoothly and easily over the carpet as the work progresses.

There is a narrow slit in the bottom of this big flat-iron, through which the air is fed. The 95 lbs. pressure gives the air a penetrating force. It gets right down to the floor and dislodges every particle of dust on the carpet, in the carpet and under the carpet. The only escape for the air is into a large canvas bag fastened tightly over the blower. The air having rushed through and under the carpet and up again, brings up all the dust with it and deposits it inside the bag. No dust escapes. That's why it is called the Dustless Method.

95 lbs. air pressure is not enough to do any harm to any ordinary fabric, but it is enough to take every speck of dust out.

Air does not wear. It does not rip and tear. It is perfectly safe, even in cleaning delicate draperies and laces, and has the advantage of being free from chemicals.

How about your house? Wouldn't you like it all cleaned in half a day? At a smaller cost than by the dreadful old-fashioned way? Think of the comfort and convenience of this laborless method. We will tell you any particulars, or make an appointment if you telephone us. Main 1413.

The Ontario Compressed Air Dustless Housecleaning Co., Limited,

59-61 Victoria Street. Telephone Main 1,413

Gerhard Heintzman ...PIANOS...

"There is sweet music here that softer falls Than petals from blown roses on the grass." —Tennyson.



What the Letters H.M.S. mean on a battleship the words "Gerhard Heintzman" mean on a piano.

In both musical and home circles this piano is regarded as "mistress of the seas of harmony."

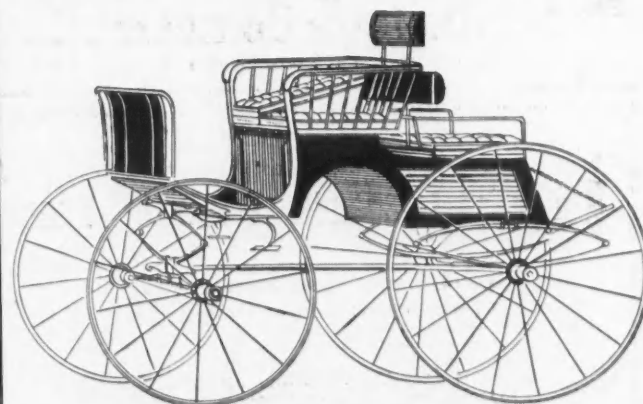
The tone of the "Gerhard Heintzman" Piano is such as to produce "music that gentler on the spirit lies, than tired eyelids upon the eyes."

We are offering special values in entirely new pianos. Write at once for particulars.

Gerhard Heintzman LIMITED

97 Yonge Street, Toronto. Hamilton Branch, 127 King St. E.

The Repository



BURNS & SHEPPARD,

Corner Simcoe and Nelson Sts. TORONTO.

Carriage & Harness Manufacturers

Special traps built to order. The above cut shows one of the fashionable styles we manufacture. A choice selection for HORSE SHOW purposes. Take a look through our showrooms—it will interest you.



EATON'S SUPERB ASSEMBLAGE

Floor Coverings, Furniture, Draperies and Furniture Coverings

If ever a store had reason to feel proud of its display of draperies and floor coverings—EATON'S has. This store never offered a larger or grander choice, nor contained a hand-somer or more elegant aggregation of the goods used to make the home more beautiful—a better place to live in.

Some of us are easily pleased—the plain, hard comforts of bare necessity satisfy. More of us search for, gather together and enjoy many of those lovely creations of mankind that assist our endeavors to make life more worth the living. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and when a home can be brightened, beautified and made charming by the expenditure of moderate amounts in the purchase of what pleases the eye and cheers the soul—WHY NOT?

Had we the gift to fitly describe the many superb lines, to which your attention is directed below, this page would be a sublime eulogy of the work of man, mingled with thankful appreciation

of the beauties loaned the world by Divine Providence. As it is—we can only say COME AND SEE. New designs from the best makers in the wide wide world, silk coverings and draperies from France, the only country where the finest quality in these lines is procurable; one an exact reproduction of a silk design of Louis XVI. period, another an exact fac-simile as made for King Edward VII. for coronation service, and hundreds of choice designs that MUST BE SEEN to be appreciated.

These works of art are careful, personal selections and were purchased to satisfy a growing Canadian demand for the world's finest goods.

The viewing of this display will be an educational and pleasing entertainment, an opportunity to see the grouping of the years and years of the world's best artists.

You'll find us eager to show you everything—and you'll not be asked to spend a cent.

Silks and Brocades

VENISE—A plain ground silk fabric, embellished with graceful clusters of flowers; soft, rich finish; several designs to select from; colors blue, Nile, olive, rose, etc.; per yard **2.00**

Is a plain color watered moire effect; a mixture of silk and linen; charming, conventional, and reproductions of the best French designs; we particularly recommend this for covering reception-room walls, portieres, and window curtains; colors are olive, Nile, blue, yellow and rose; per yard, \$1.75 and..... **2.50**

LOUISE—Represents a silk of a rare style of design; dainty, small and neat; compelling attention by its extreme simplicity; soft shades of greens and golds; this is seen at its best as a furniture covering; per yard **5.00**

CHARENTE—A fine pure silk of beautiful texture, the quiet hair-line ground forming a novel and delightful background for the design of lace, entwined with flowers; a perfect fabric for use in the drawing-room; per yard **9.00**

MADELINE—Clearly shows in this silk the skill of the artist; a particularly perfect design; wreaths and freely-drawn festoons mark this as the material to select for a large room; add also great durability; per yard **9.00**

WESTPHALIA—A brocade of the Louis XV. style, one of the most impressive periods of French art; the large medallion design is, with its heavy gold brocade, in perfect accord with the glorious coloring of the flowers, producing a veritable masterpiece; per yard **25.00**

Tapestry Furniture Coverings

English and French Tapestry, woven especially for furniture covering; a good range of designs and colors, new in every respect; is inexpensive and will both wear and look well; 50 inches wide; per yard **75c.**

A finer quality, to which we give particular attention; better goods it is impossible to procure at the price; a large range of patterns and colors; a covering that will improve the appearance of any furniture with which it is used; 50 inches wide; per yard **1.00**

Tapestry of English make; manufactured and colored for us only; cannot be procured elsewhere in the Dominion; heavy corded cloth; bright silky finish; we know this will give you satisfaction in the wear; 50 inches wide; per yard **1.50**

If you have furniture that would be the better for re-covering, send right now and our upholsterer will call with samples of all the above tapestries and quote you low prices for the work.

Tapestry for Hangings and Wall Covers

French Verdure Tapestry is a grouping of trees and shrubs, in fact, a forest effect; reds, browns, greens and golds, all combined in one harmonious whole; a cheap covering for walls; also for portieres and other hangings; 50 inches wide; per yard **1.00**

Another French Verdure Tapestry, showing a wealth of flowers and trees, while here and there are touches of landscape; very pleasing in effect; our furnished dining-room will show how we use these goods, on the walls, for the curtains, and sometimes on the furniture; let us send one of our artists to advise and give prices for decorating your dining-room in this manner; we do not charge for his time estimating; 50 inches wide; per yard **1.50**

Soft Drapery Materials

We are still using those charming and luxurious Scarf Draperies and hold a stock of goods suitable for this purpose that is large and well selected.

A silk mixture, in good combinations of colors; beautifully soft in finish for draping; looks, wears, and hangs well; 50 inches wide; per yard **85c.**

English and French Chintzes and Taffetas are remarkable this season for the originality shown in both designs and colors; they are in great request for bedroom draperies in particular, being used as wall-covers, bed and window draperies, portieres and furniture coverings; some show light dainty tracery designs, others heavy grouping of flowers, wide and narrow stripes, and tapestry effects; one chintz in particular, in three combinations of colors, has a silk-like ground and watered moire effect; entirely novel; this would make a grand room; prices range from 20c. per yard to **1.00**

WE have made carpets this season a subject of extra close study and investigation, with the result that a hand-somer or a more representative display of all that is new, all that is artistic, than that which we hold at present on the Carpet Floor cannot be met with anywhere.

In making our choice for this season we have not confined ourselves to one or two mills. No. This display is more in the character of a national exhibit. Every mill in Great Britain famous for the quality, and beauty of its floor coverings has been visited, and in the majority of instances asked to contribute of their best weaves to EATON'S. Even went so far as to have some exclusive patterns specially woven for us.

Such a wealth of variety, and such an opportunity for selection in Axminsters, Wiltons and Brussels of the highest class has never been presented by us before, nor do we believe has Toronto ever seen its equal. Taste, ability, space, effort and money, have been lavishly expended to this end.

English Tapestry Carpets

English Tapestry Carpets, 27 inches wide; in the different grades carried in stock we show the enormous range of over 400 designs; all selected with the greatest care as to their artistic merit in design and color combinations; designs suitable for each and every room in the house, and it would be hard, indeed, to obtain outside of this store anything like the values we show at the following prices—35c., 40c., 45c., 50c., 55c., 65c., and 85c. yard.

English Brussels Carpets

English Body Brussels Carpet, 27 inches wide; in this grade we show the splendid range of 46 designs, the finest it has ever been our good fortune to gather together, the designs being exceptionally artistic in all the leading styles, with beautiful two-toned chintzed and Oriental color combinations, suitable for any kind of room or hall, with 22 1/2-inch Border and 27-inch Stair to match; wonderful value at 75c. yard.

English Body Brussels Carpet, 27 inches wide; in this grade, probably our most popular one, we show an enormous range of 84 designs, each and every one of them a designer's model; never before have we shown such an artistic collection at one price; here we have embodied our own ideas with those of the best makers in England, to the material advantage of our customers, both in artistic merit and intrinsic value; with 22 1/2-inch Borders and 27-inch Stairs to match; very special value at \$1.00 yard.

English Body Brussels Carpet, 27 inches wide; best super quality; a carpet which for artistic appearance and great durability has no equal at the price; in this grade we show 57 beautiful designs, the best efforts of the best brains in the English carpet trade, many of them being wonderful examples of the weaver's art; we show designs specially adapted for the drawing-room, bedroom, library, den, hall, with 22 1/2-inch Borders and 3-4 Stairs to match; very special value at \$1.25 yard.

English Wilton Carpets

English Wilton Carpet, 27 inches wide; just think of it; in this grade we show the tremendous range of 37 designs, representing the cream of the productions from the best English makers; for artistic merit in designs and color combinations, this range would be hard to equal; special designs for every room in the house: 22 1/2-inch Borders and 27-inch Stairs to match; very special value at \$1.50 yard.

English Wilton Carpet, 27 inches wide; best super quality; in this high-grade carpet our range contains 30 designs, the best that time, money and skill have produced from the looms of the foremost makers in England for this season's trade; they are especially desir-

able for fine drawing-room, reception-room, dining-room, library, boudoir, den, or hall; with 22 1/2-inch Borders to match; excellent value at \$2.00 and \$2.25 yd.

English Axminster Carpets

English Axminster Carpets, 27 inches wide; in this range we show 18 designs, the newest and most artistic produced for this season; in conventional and Oriental effects, with beautiful color combinations in the most approved shades of greens, blues, crimson, rose, tan and clinted effects; very suitable for drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, libraries, dens, and halls, with 22 1/2-inch Borders to match; and for value see invite comparison, as we know that this is beyond a doubt the greatest value shown in this country at our price of \$1.25 yard.

English Axminster Carpets, 27 inches wide; in this, our most popular range, we show the immense assortment of 45 designs, being the best product of the best designers, colorists, and manufacturers in England, and we venture to state that nowhere else in this country can there be seen such another magnificent range of high-class novelties (many of which are confined exclusively to us) as we show this season; no matter what kind of a room you wish to carpet, or period or style you wish to do it in, be it drawing-room, dining-room, reception-room, library, den, hall, board-room or office, the design and coloring for it is here, and notwithstanding the recent heavy advances in the prices of this grade, our price is still the same—we simply give our customers the benefit of our tremendous buying powers; see these; per yard, \$1.50.

English Axminster Carpets, 27 inches wide; in this range we show 25 exceptionally high-class designs; our aim in this grade being to keep away from anything bordering on the commonplace, and our many customers have been kind enough to say that we have succeeded; it contains all the latest artistic creations in self-colored and chintzed effects, which make such beautiful drawing-room, reception-room, or boudoir carpets; also the heavier Turkish and Persian designs, with their rich colorings of crimson, greens, and blues, so desirable for dining-rooms, libraries dens, or halls; with 22 1/2-inch Borders to match; excellent value at \$2.00 per yard.

English Axminster Carpets, 27 inches wide; in the famous Crompton, Empress and Aluto makes; we simply mention those names, for they in Carpetdom represent the very acme of quality, being the finest goods made on a power loom; our range contains 15 beautiful designs, what the manufacturers say are the best they have produced in these handsome carpets, and anyone wishing to get an artistic drawing-room, dining-room, or reception-room carpet, altogether away from the ordinary, should not fail to see our range; exceptional value; per yard, at \$3.00.

The Most Desirable Furniture for the Home Beautiful—EATON'S

IT'S no small matter—the furnishing of a home with the desirable kinds of furniture. Furniture that will last a score of years—a life time. Furniture that will appeal to the highest instincts of good taste. Furniture that you'll take a pride in. Yet it's a task that can be expeditiously done at EATON'S. And done without the usual attendant worry and anxiety. The responsibility has been assumed by our buyer, whose duty it is to see that EATON'S furniture is the finest furniture that's made.

No ordinary kinds are good enough for this store. The woods must be of the highest grades, selected and sound to the core. The workmanship must reflect the highest attainments in the cabinet makers' art. The finish must be of that smooth, mirror-like quality that can only be produced on the best of woods.

Nevertheless prices are not exorbitant. In fact, not a bit higher than the ordinary kinds. It is impossible to find a wider range of styles anywhere, both modern and antique. As an instance:

Chippendale Louis XV. & XVI. Hepplewhite Colonial Sheraton Queen Anne Mission Empire Georgian Etc., Etc.

Bed-room Furniture
Oak and Mahogany Bedroom Suites, \$19.50 to \$650.00.
Oak and Mahogany Bureau and Washstand, \$15.50 to \$190.00.
Oak and Mahogany Cheffoniers, \$7.50 to \$125.00.
Oak and Mahogany Toilet Tables, \$10.00 to \$59.00.
Oak and Mahogany Dressers, \$16.75 to \$56.00.
Oak and Mahogany Cheval Mirror, \$16.75 to \$85.00.
Oak and Mahogany Wardrobes, \$18.00 to \$62.00.
Oak and Mahogany Costumers, \$1.10 to \$28.50.
Oak and Mahogany Bedroom Chairs, \$2.65 to \$12.50.
Oak and Mahogany Rocking Chairs, \$1.95 to \$18.50.

Beds, Springs, Mattresses, Pillows
Iron Bedsteads, white and colored enamel, \$2.35 to \$28.50.
Iron Bedsteads, enamel and brass, \$11.75 to \$28.00.
All Brass Bedsteads, \$15.00 to \$93.50.
Bed Springs, \$1.50 to \$15.50.
Mixed Mattresses, \$2.50 to \$5.75.
Felt Mattresses, \$8.25 to \$15.00.
Hair Mattresses, \$8.50 to \$35.00.
Pillows, all feathers, \$1.25 to \$6.75.

Upholstered Furniture
Parlor Suites, three pieces, \$19.00 to \$305.00.
Parlor Suites, five pieces, \$21.00 to \$145.00.
Reception, Arm and Rocking Chairs, \$5.00 to \$63.00.

Lounges, \$5.25 to \$47.00.
Gold Cabinets, \$50.00 to \$160.00.
Parlor Cabinets, \$7.50 to \$42.00.
Bed Lounges, \$9.00 to \$15.00.
Morris Chairs, \$6.90 to \$26.00.
Davenport, \$20.00 to \$90.00.
Wire-back Arm Chairs, \$16.00 to \$30.00.

Dining-room Furniture
Oak and Mahogany Sideboards, \$18.50 to \$155.00.
Oak and Mahogany Buffets, \$19.50 to \$80.00.
Oak and Mahogany Dinner Wagons, \$17.50 to \$42.00.
Oak and Mahogany Extension Tables, \$13.90 to \$90.00.
Oak and Mahogany Dining-room Chairs, sets, \$13.75 to \$90.00.

Oak and Mahogany Plate Racks, \$1.50 to \$15.00.
Oak and Mahogany China Cabinets, \$9.00 to \$85.00.
Oak and Mahogany Butlers' Tray, \$4.75 to \$11.50.
Oak and Mahogany Pedestals, \$8.75 to \$21.50.

Library and Den Furniture Golden and Weathered Oak
Writing Tables and Secretaries, \$13.00 to \$37.00.
Arm Chairs and Desk Chairs, \$4.75 to \$20.00.
Reclining Chairs, \$20.00 to \$50.00.
Book Cases and Magazine Stands, \$3.00 to \$57.00.
Leather Top Tables, \$8.75 to \$45.00.
Cellarets, \$8.50 to \$20.00.

Jardiniere Stands, \$1.90 to \$8.00.
Folding Tables, \$5.00 to \$13.75.
Rocking Chairs, \$6.95 to \$26.00.
Round and Square Top Tables, \$4.00 to \$18.00.

Verandah Furniture
Arm Chairs, red or green finish, \$1.75 to \$5.00.
Small Chair, red or green finish, 80c. to \$6.25.
Rattan Chairs or Rockers, \$1.35 to \$10.00.
Prairie Grass Chairs or Rockers, \$4.00 to \$12.75.
Verandah Tables, \$8.00 to \$16.00.
Refrigerators, \$5.75 to \$39.00.
Window Screens, all standard sizes, 14c. to 42c.
Screen Doors, all standard sizes, 60c. to \$1.75.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
190 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Store Closes at 5 P. M.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
190 YONGE ST., TORONTO